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Hudson & Kearns

Photo. by J. THOMSON.

THE HON. MRS REGINALD FITZWILLIAM.

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THE JERSEY COW.

THE Jersey cow, or, more comprehensively speaking, Jersey cattle, have attained such a high reputation as show beast that some account of the history and present position of the breed may not be found altogether uninteresting to British cattle breeders and dealers.

The fact that at English and other shows the principal awards are carried off by Jersey cattle may, we think, be in a considerable measure attributed to the prudent, almost jealous, care with which the purity of the insular breed is sought to be maintained, aided probably by the careful registration and accurate "classing" of all Jersey-bred cattle.

The exact date of Jerseys coming into prominence as a distinct breed would seem to be unknown. Some have sought to show that the Jersey is a branch of the Brittany cattle; and certain it is that there are many points of resemblance between the two breeds, the similarity being far greater than between the Jerseys and the Normandy cattle. The result of careful enquiries

foreign cattle, except for immediate slaughter. An exception was at first made in favour of cattle from the other islands of the Channel Archipelago, but the rule was subsequently made absolute. At the present moment all foreign cattle arriving in the island are disembarked under official supervision, led direct to the States Slaughter-House, which is situated in the immediate vicinity of the pier itself, and killed without delay. And, so strict is the legislation on the subject that no Jersey cattle destined for exportation are allowed to pass in front of the slaughter-house, but must be taken to the quay by another road.

The above two points—careful registration and protection by the legislature—may be taken as the main constituents in the successful development of the breed of Jersey cattle.

It is stated on the authority of a writer in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" that "the extension of dairy farming in the United Kingdom and the somewhat meagre milking properties of the greater proportion of British cattle have led to the importa-



Photo. by C. Reid.

A HERD OF JERSEYS.

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among those best qualified to express an opinion and to give reliable information on the subject, shows that the Jersey Herd Book has existed exactly two-and-thirty years. Previous to April, 1865, cattle exhibited at shows were registered as "pedigree stock" on the mere verbal declaration of the exhibitor, due account being, of course, taken of the exhibit's points and appearance. But experience showed that farmers, dealers, and breeders, in order to secure the branding of their calves as "pedigree stock," did not hesitate to declare that both sire and dam were of pure Jersey breed and had been duly branded as such, when, as a matter of fact, reliable evidence proved that nothing of the kind was the case. So the insular farmers and cattle dealers, realising the pressing need of protecting their interests in this respect, banded themselves together and inaugurated a Herd Book, in which were to be registered all calves whose dam and sire had been, after authentic examination, proved pure Jersey-bred stock. The prime instigator in this important departure was a Jerseyman named Vaudin.

But many years—perhaps more than thirty—before this, the States, or legislative body of the island, had passed a Bill (which is still in full force) forbidding the importation of any

tion of large numbers of Channel Islands cattle. These—often indiscriminately called Alderney cattle—comprise the Jersey and Guernsey breeds, supposed to be from one common origin, but known to have been bred in purity in the respective islands of these names for upwards of a hundred years. They are both essentially dairy breeds, giving an abundant yield of rich, highly-coloured milk. The Jersey is the smaller of the two, and is docile, delicate, and deer-like in form. In the production of beef it is of little value. The Guernsey is not only larger, but also hardier and more generally useful. When in full milk whole herds of Jersey cows give an average of 9½lb. of butter each cow per week, an exceptional cow occasionally giving as much as 16lb. of butter in one week. Good Jersey cows yield from 500 to 700 gallons of milk, and from 300lb. to 350lb. of butter in twelve months. Guernsey cows have exceeded 800 gallons of milk in a year, and the noted cow Select, when six years old, gave 22½lb. of butter in seven days, this quantity being obtained from nineteen quarts of milk per day. In America still higher records have been obtained."

Jersey cattle, which have been exported from the island almost from time immemorial, are introduced into England for

both breeding and dairy purposes. English farmers know that the breed sent over from Jersey is quite distinct and the quality of the best. Thus Jersey cattle hold a high place in the estimation of show judges.

Though Jerseys are every bit as liable to contract disease, under given conditions, as any other breed, yet, as a race, they may be classed as generally healthy. In this connection a comparative glance at their treatment in their native island and in England may not be found unprofitable. A Kentish agriculturist of some experience says: "We milk at 5.30 a.m. and 4 p.m., and give the cows meat-cake and bran before milking, and mangolds, hay, and water whilst in the stock-yard. In the late spring and summer they are turned loose into the meadows. At calving time we find that they are very subject to milk fever—more so, perhaps, than any breed, owing, probably, to their delicate nature and an excess of milk."

In Jersey, for nearly three-quarters of the year, the cows are kept in the fields, but tethered. Their tethers are shifted every two hours, so that the grass is kept nibbled pretty evenly all over the meadow. It is found that this economises the pasture to a very appreciable extent. All the summer they remain out at night as well. Roots form a staple article of diet when the cattle are inside, and bran mash is also found to be of utility. In mid-winter, when fresh pasturage is not to be had and the cattle are kept indoors, the depreciation in the quality and quantity of the milk and butter is very noticeable.

In view of the importance attached to the dairy value of the Jersey cows, the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society have published an official table of the local butter contest for the English Jersey Cattle Society's medals. Without entering into the many interesting facts revealed by this table, it will be useful and significant to give some details of the butter-producing qualities of the cow which gained the society's gold medal at the spring contest held in May, 1896. This animal was Mr. R. Williams's Fancy, aged nearly ten years. At the time of the contest she was seventy-one days in milk. She was milked twice, and her yields were: Morning, 25lb. 14oz.; evening, 21lb. 8oz.; total, 47lb. 6oz. The day's butter yield amounted to 3lb. 3½oz., or a ratio (of pounds of milk to pounds of butter) of 14.79. The colour was judged as pale and the quality as good.

Then, at a butter test held at the end of last October, the first prize was carried off by Mr. J. E. Brée's La Sente's Buttercup, a cow under nine years of age, which had last calved three months previous to the contest. Her milk yield was 36½lb., and her butter yield 2lb. 8½oz., or a proportion of milk to butter of 14.41. The colour was certified as very good and the quality as good.

These cows were both, of course, Herd Book stock; and, though the figures given are those of prize-winning cows, yet it must be admitted that the average quantity of butter produced at these contests is never much below a couple of pounds for

each animal. Nine quarts of milk is considered a fair daily average. The writer knows a Jersey farmer whose best cow yields in spring no less than twenty quarts of milk per day. This is exceptional. So much, then, for facts concerning the dairy value of the Jersey cow. It will not be difficult for English dairymen to make what comparisons they desire.

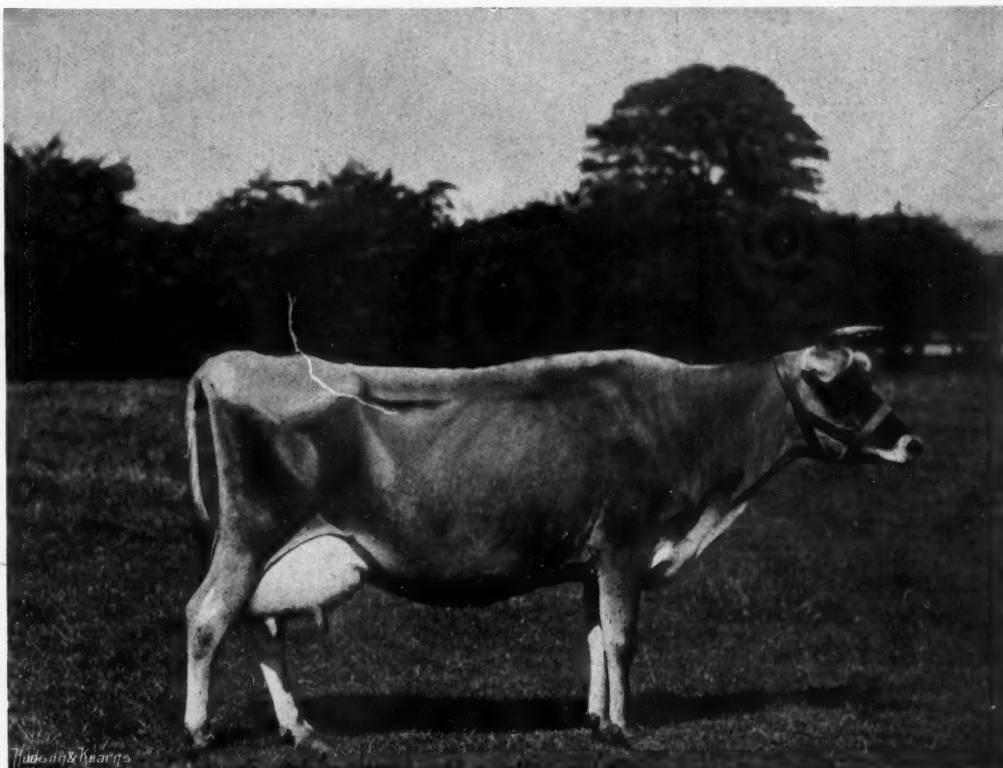


Photo. by W. C. Bristow.

A TYPICAL JERSEY.

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Certain it is that the general opinion of Jersey cattle is relatively high. One of the leading cattle dealers in Jersey says that he has amongst his regular clients not a few titled gentry of England; but he significantly adds that such customers require the services of a dealer who has eyes to see the good points of a beast in time for that beast to be used to advantage.

Prices for Jersey cattle received a considerable impetus about fifteen years ago, when a number of American cattle breeders, realising the value of Jersey cattle for dairy and breeding purposes, came over to the island and, for a time at least, paid fancy prices in order to secure the pick of "the Jerseys." One of the first cows sold to the Yankees at this epoch was Mr. C. F. Dorey's Coomassie, which fetched £200. For one cow in 1882 the apparently fabulous figure of £1,000 was paid, the beast in question being the same gentleman's Khedive's Primrose. Many and many a cow during 1882-3 sold at from £200 to £400, bulls of good pedigree fetching, of course, proportionately high prices.

But nowadays, America's ambition in this direction being satisfied, all this has changed; and when a local farmer gets over £100 for a fully-developed cow, he thinks he has every reason to shake hands with himself. Thus, quite a stir was caused locally some three years ago when a farmer in the west of the island got £180 for one of his cows.

Our illustration A HERD OF JERSEYS is a picture of Sir Edmund Loder's celebrated herd, while A TYPICAL JERSEY is a portrait of Captain A. B. S. Fraser's cow Betsy, a noted prize-winner during the current season.

R. S.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

THE cottage garden has existed and flourished in many parts of England for centuries—long before allotments were thought of. The gardenless cottage is happily a rare, indeed almost an unknown, spectacle in many rural places, where we find HUMBLE HOMESTEADS, built, perhaps, some two or three centuries ago, surrounded by typical old-fashioned cottage gardens, where the humbler flowers and vegetables seem to attain a degree of perfection unknown in more aristocratic parterres.

Surrey, Sussex, Devonshire, and many other localities still boast charming specimens of peasant gardens, such as Herrick, Shenstone, Gay, and Goldsmith have described—gardens which surround old-world cottages with their lattice windows and cosy

chimney corners, amid whose plenishings are often found bits of quaint antique furniture which the modern collector desires, often vainly, to buy.

The modern cottage garden is, however, usually less neat and trim in appearance than that of the dame school-mistress which Shenstone has chiefly described. We know that, in the good dame's parterre, "No vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak," "herbs for use and physic" being chiefly grown, and the rosemary, lavender, marigolds, and other flowers admitted on account of their useful qualities. But the present-day cottager exhibits a decided leaning towards the cultivation of purely decorative plants, such as sunflowers and hollyhocks, though he

usually contrives to combine the ornamental with the useful, by planting these gaudy flowers mixed among his vegetables.

Doubtless, as in the apparently confused arrangement of the goods in a village shop, some order, not distinctly obvious to a stranger, rules the arrangement of the old-fashioned cottage garden; for its owners always seem to know exactly in what corner they can find the required cabbage or sprig of parsley. To the casual visitor the vegetables and flowers appear as confusedly intermingled as David Copperfield considered the land and sea were at Yarmouth; but this arrangement is not altogether without its charm to a beholder accustomed to the regular neatness of a properly-kept better class garden. To wander round the cottager's plot is to come upon perpetual horticultural surprises. Cabbages and roses jostle each other in one bed; sunflowers beam benignantly above vegetables. Pinks—the old-fashioned white cloves, so fragrant, but so rarely seen in modern fashionable gardens—run riot all over the place, and the lavender bush is never wanting. Probably there is also a gnarled apple tree, or a small plum or damson of equally venerable age, whose crop is generally sold to the same good-natured local customer year after year. Dr. Jessop has recorded the sinking of heart with which a country parson sometimes—especially in these hard times—views the increase of such plum and damson trees, being well aware that, failing other buyers, “parson” will be looked upon as the natural and Heaven-ordained purchaser of the fruit—whether he requires it or not. Sometimes the cottager's ambition soars above the ancestral fruit trees—“feyther, or his feyther maybe, planted ‘em”—and a space of ground is devoted to a few raspberry canes and strawberry plants, or to peas and beans. But cabbages and potatoes are the favourite cottage vegetables, grown chiefly for home consumption.

the house. This porch is usually covered with some sweet-smelling creeper, honeysuckle or the like, planted partly for ornament, but also with a consideration for the requirements of the bees, a hive or hives being formerly found in nearly every country labourer's garden. Now, like everything else, the trade in honey is becoming a matter for large companies. Big bee



Photo. by F. Mason Good.

A CREEPER-COVERED COTTAGE.

Copyright

farms are started, “and the owner of a few hives is nowhere,” as a recent writer on the great American bee farms expresses it.

But, within living memory, our English rustics, like Sir Thomas Overbury's typical milkmaid, found their “chief physic in their gardens and their beehives”; and perchance, like that seventeenth century “character,” “lived the longer for it.”

Honey was held in high repute by our ancestors for its medicinal as well as for its sweetening qualities. A testator of the early sixteenth century, one John Packett, of Stoke Lynn, bequeathed “to the image of St. Margaret in the church of Mychell Tew . . . a stall of bees; the which stood at Little Tew in the keeping of my father; which the said bees, my grandfather, and my own father, first gave to the said image.”

Evidently the stall of bees thus dedicated for three generations was a gift of some value in its day, as the bequest figures among the donations of jewels and land to other “pious uses” by an apparently well-to-do testator.

Elderly folk may remember, some thirty or forty years ago, that there was an attempted revival of bee culture, at least in some of the Southern Counties of England.

Honey was to make the prosperity of the farm labourer, as, later on, jam was to save the small farmer. Rural philanthropists formed themselves into “Apiarian Societies,” bought model hives, hired lecturers to hold forth in village schoolrooms, and distributed little booklets, which set forth how greatly the cottager's income might be augmented by profitable bee-keeping. But Hodge rarely takes kindly to any improvements, even in



Photo. by F. Mason Good.

HUMBLE HOMESTEADS.

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Besides its flowers and vegetables, there are certain stock adjuncts which the typical cottage garden “should never be without.” The deep roomy porch in which the tired labourer smokes his pipe on summer evenings while superintending the weeding and watering operations of the younger members of his family, seems, in a way, rather to belong to the garden than to

the present generation, and was even less accessible to innovations in days of yore.

Most village folks hold to the long-received superstition that bees will thrive in certain hands and not in others. Every village usually possessed its traditionally fortunate bee-keepers, as its traditionally skilled bee-taker, who could hive a swarm without receiving hurt. There were bee owners who could even tame their wild charges, who would summon them by a gentle whistle, and stand smiling before the hive door, while the bees clustered and crawled over their extended hand. This was a performance which strangers preferred to view from a discreet distance.

Rural bee-keepers of this class set their faces sternly against any "new-fangled notions" and averred that their insects would "never have nought to do" with the improved and patented hives. And it certainly often chanced that Goody Brown or Gaffer Jones, with their rude, straw-covered hives, beat the squire and the parson—who had, for example's sake, set up bee culture upon the latest scientific principles—both in the quantity and quality of the honey produced by each hive.

"Bees do be like chillun—you must love 'em if you wants 'em to thrive," a very successful rustic bee-keeper once remarked to the writer; and certainly this good dame was most scrupulous in her own attention to her pets, keeping them duly informed of all family events, births, deaths, marriages, "for sure certain they'll leave you if you don't," she would remark.

"Telling it to the bees," has inspired more than one painter with a subject, as of the weeping cottage widow tying a scrap of crape to the hive, or a proud little sister whispering to the busy insects of the arrival of another baby.

Even before the cottage beehives in picturesqueness ranked

the cottage well, once so common in rural gardens. We have noted its picturesqueness first, as that fact represented its best quality. Too often it was situated in dangerous proximity to the pigstye, or to other possible "sources of contamination by soakage through the soil." It was a dangerous trap for little children and animals unless kept carefully covered; the water usually lay at a depth which necessitated much tedious exertion with the creaking windlass before the bucket was filled, and very frequently the cottage well had the irritating trick of running dry in very hot weather, when water was most needed.

Still, to the eye of an artist, there was something very attractive in those lichen-covered, creeper-wreathed old wells, possibly—if in the West Country—fringed with a bordering of ferns, which also grew down inside to the very brink of the water. A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed country lass, leisurely turning the handle of the windlass of such an ancient well, made a pretty subject for a picture. There is nothing to tempt the pencil in the aspect of a pump or a cistern.

The pig, "the jintleman who paid the rint," in many an English, as in an Irish cottager's family, must not be forgotten among the garden inmates; and some cottage folk even added pet animals, as rabbits, to their live stock. In fact, there was no saying what surprises you might come upon in that small plot of ground, whose singular productiveness, in hard-working hands, was a proof of the successfulness of spade culture.

The modern allotment system is an excellent thing for the relief of the luckless owners of gardenless cottages, but can never fill the place of those delightful old-fashioned cottage gardens which are still happily so common in rural England.

LUCY HARDY.

CRICKET: Mr. Warner's Team in America.

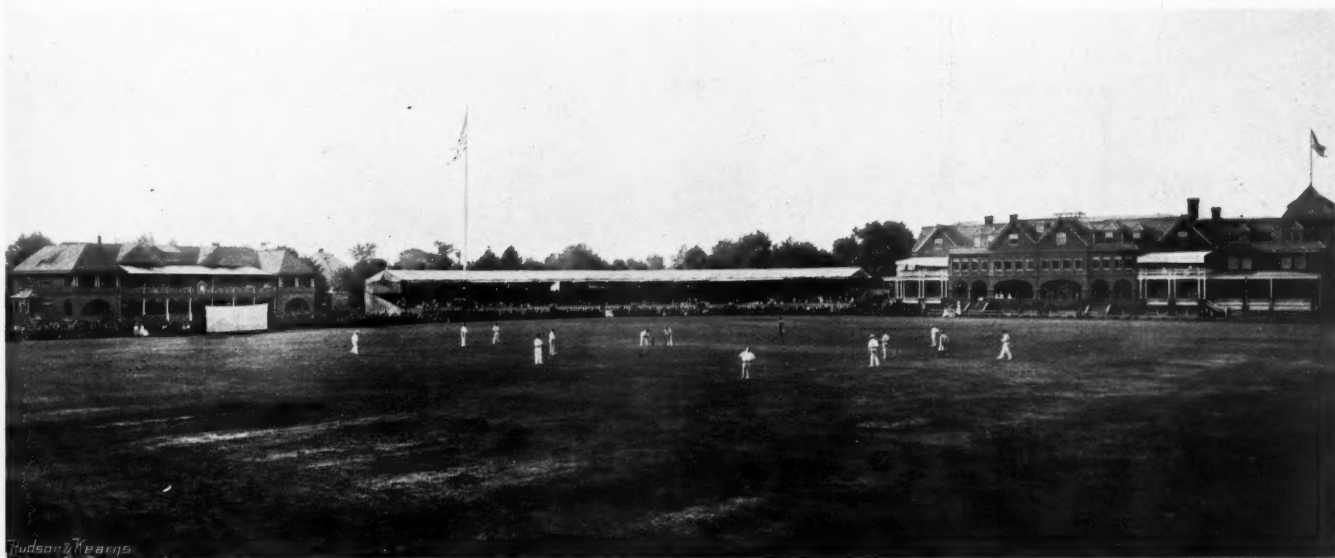


Photo. by Relfe,

THE MERION C.C. GROUND.

Philadelphia.

THE second match against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia was played on October 1st, 2nd, and 4th, at Haverford, on the ground of the Merion C.C. J. A. Lester was unable to play owing to his studies at Harvard, while Cregar and Brockie gave way to Morton, who had bowled well in the recent colts match, and H. P. Baily. It was thought possible at one time that G. S. Patterson might get away, but his work as a barrister prevented this fine cricketer from appearing. The Philadelphians were certainly stronger in bowling than they were in the previous match, but the absence of Lester was a great loss to the batting strength of the side. The Merion ground is situated at Haverford, which is under half an hour by train from the city. The ground itself is quite the finest in America, the clubhouse being an especially imposing structure. The Englishmen played exactly the same eleven as in the previous match, Whatman being again the one to stand down. Warner won the toss, and, of course, decided to bat. Winning the toss is always of the greatest advantage on American grounds, as the wickets nearly always crumble on the third day. The game began at twelve, when Warner and Chinnery, the usual pair, opened the innings, the bowlers opposed to them being King and Baily. Both bowlers were well on the spot, and runs came rather slowly. With the figures taken to 23 King removed the captain's leg stump. Hemingway's stay was of the briefest, "Parson" Baily bowling him off his legs. (24—2—0.) Head

was the next man in, and a most useful stand was made. The bowling was too good to take liberties with, but every now and then Chinnery made a beautiful off stroke. With the score at 52, P. H. Clark relieved Baily, and one run later Morton (medium left) took the ball from King. Chinnery was playing splendidly, and reached his 50 out of 78 in an hour and a-quarter. At 83 Head fell to a magnificent catch at the wicket, and just before lunch Chinnery failed to stop one from P. H. Clark. The old Etonian had played a most attractive innings. He gave two sharp chances, very difficult, one at slip and another at the wicket.

Leveson-Gower was the new batsman, and the spectators were treated to a grand display of hitting by Jessop. Leveson-Gower played steadily and well, but there was no stopping Jessop. Fours came from every over, King especially being severely punished. Change after change was tried, but with no effect. Eighty-eight runs were scored in three-quarters of an hour, and then Jessop, who had scored sixty of that number, was neatly caught at short slip. His innings was a splendid one, and marred by no mistake. Tonge scored seven in good style, and was then caught by Wood. Bennett made nine, when a fast yorker from King caused his retirement. (242—7—9.) Marriott was "number nine," and again a capital resistance was offered to the bowling. Both batsmen made splendid strokes, Leveson-Gower showing great skill in the glance to leg. He

looked certain to get 100, but at 306 he drove one very hard to King at mid-off, who made a fine catch. Leveson-Gower played a superb innings. He was at the wicket two hours and a-quarter, and never gave the semblance of a chance. He was very quiet for the first hour, while Jessop was in, and only scored 12, but in the next hour he made no fewer than 60. Marriott was run out at 322 for a remarkably good innings of 42. Bull, in attempting to "hook," was clean bowled without scoring. The innings closed at 4.30 for 322.

The Philadelphians had a quarter of an hour's batting before time, and only scored 18 runs for the loss of two wickets. Morton was clean bowled by Bull, while P. H. Clark was lbw, the ball striking him full pitch on the toe. Coates made one fine drive off Jessop, and when stumps were drawn at five o'clock, he and E. W. Clark, the captain of the side, were not out.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater change in the weather conditions than that of the Friday and Saturday. On Friday it was insufferably hot, the temperature being as much as 90 deg. in the shade; on Saturday a cold N.E. wind swept over the ground, making it most uncomfortable for players and spectators alike. However, there was a large and enthusiastic

however, as he was looking dangerous he was caught and bowled by Bull. (27—1—14.) Noble followed in, and some fine batting was seen. The newcomer played in good style, and in one over scored 16 off Jessop. At 51 Stocks relieved Jessop, but was severely punished. Thayer hit Bull clean out of the ground—a splendid drive. Ninety-five runs were scored in fifty minutes. At this point Chinnery took the ball from Bull, and with his first delivery clean bowled Thayer with a yorker. Thayer, who had played a good innings, was loudly cheered on retiring. Etting came next, and Head relieved Stocks. Chinnery bowled three overs, and then retired in favour of Bull, who had Etting stumped off his second ball. Coates, too, fell a victim to the Hampshire wicket-keeper, and King joined Noble.

Shortly before Coates's dismissal, Jessop went on again vice Head, and in his first over got Noble well caught at deep mid-off. Noble played a fine innings. He hit twelve fours, and punished all the bowling alike. His absence from the Philadelphia team that visited England last season must have made a considerable difference, as he is just the kind of batsman who would have made runs on our hard, true wickets. He stands 6ft. 2in., and plays the ball uncommonly hard. In fact, he is, without doubt, one of the best batsmen in America, and certainly

no one of the team possesses a more attractive style. P. H. Clark, who came next, played good cricket, and with King batting better than he ever did in his life, the innings defeat was saved without further loss. Clark should, however, have been easily run out when he had made five. Head returned the ball beautifully from deep square leg, but Bull failed to put the wicket down. Sixty-two runs were added, and then Clark was easily caught by Warner running from mid-on to short leg. Jessop took the ball on Clark's dismissal, and almost at once bowled Baily's off stump, while five minutes before time King was easily caught and bowled. The crack Philadelphia bowler had played well. He went in when things were by no means looking well, and his capital innings cannot be too highly praised. He gave nothing like a chance. Stumps were drawn for the day with the total standing at 248 for nine wickets. The wicket had crumbled considerably when play was resumed next day. The last Philadelphia wicket added eight runs to the overnight total, leaving the English team 67 to get to win.



Photo. by Koffe,

GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia.

crowd present, the grand stand, clubhouse, and pavilion being packed. About four o'clock there were quite 5,000 people present, several coaches being on the ground.

E. W. Clark and Coates continued batting at 11.10, Bull and Jessop bowling. Thirty went up after some slow play, but at this point Coates failed to stop one of Jessop's expresses. Noble came next, and cut Jessop beautifully to the boundary. Clark should have been run out, but Bull failed to take the return. At 52 Jessop bowled Clark's leg stump out of the ground, and Thayer came in. However, he had only scored two singles when Jessop sent him back to the pavilion. Noble all this time was playing fine cricket, but eventually he was clean bowled for a capital innings. King should have been out when he had scored four. He hit a ball up to Marriott, who was fielding backward point to Bull, but for some unaccountable reason Stocks took it into his head to go for the catch too, with the result that he knocked the ball out of Marriott's hand. Later, King was again missed, this time by Hemingway at long-on off Bull. Nine wickets were down for 99, but Scattergood and King put on 33 for the last wicket, Bennett at the finish catching Scattergood at the wicket.

Jessop and Bull both bowled splendidly. The former had the wind behind him, and sent them down at a great pace. Bull bowled admirably, and had not by any means the best of luck. Bennett kept wicket well, and mention should be made of a fine catch by Chinnery at extra slip which sent back Wood.

Being 190 runs behind, the Philadelphians followed on, Bull and Jessop, of course, bowling. Jessop's length was somewhat erratic, and Wood twice hit him finely to the leg boundary. Just,

King bowled very well, breaking back the width of the wicket time after time. Warner was caught at mid-on from a bad stroke at 11, but Chinnery and Hemingway took the score to 37, when both were dismissed. Chinnery had played an invaluable innings, but he was somewhat lucky, King nearly bowling him two or three times, while he made more than one lucky stroke. Still, it was not a wicket that anyone could bat on with certainty. At lunch time three wickets were down for 37. Jessop and Head, however, soon finished the match when play was resumed, Jessop making his runs in a quarter of an hour. At twenty minutes to three he made the winning hit, a four to square-leg off Baily.

Full score:—

MR. P. F. WARNER'S ELEVEN.			
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
P. F. Warner, b King	8	c Thayer, b King	3
H. B. Chinnery, b P. H. Clark	63	c Etting, b King	26
W. McG. Hemingway, b Baily	0	b P. H. Clark	3
J. H. Head, c Scattergood, b P. H. Clark	16	not out	6
G. L. Jessop, c Wood, b P. H. Clark	66	not out	26
H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, c King, b Baily	85		
J. N. Tonge, c Wood, b P. H. Clark	7		
R. A. Bennett, b King	9		
H. H. Marriott, run out	42		
F. W. Stocks, not out	2		
F. G. Bull, b P. H. Clark	0		
Byes 15, lb 5, w 3, nb 1	24	B 2, lb 3, nb 1	6
Total	322	Total (3 wks)	70

PHILADELPHIANS.			
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
J. E. C. Morton, b Bull	4	b Bull	1
P. H. Clark, lbw, b Bull	0	c Warner, b Bull	13
E. W. Clark, b Jessop	22	b Jessop	7
C. Coates, jun., b Jessop	9	st Bennett, b Bull	5
W. W. Noble, b Jessop	38	c Head, b Jessop	64
H. C. Thayer, b Jessop	2	b Chinnery	27
A. M. Wood, c Chinnery, b Jessop	9	c and b Bull	14
J. B. King, not out	22	c and b Jessop	86
N. Eiting, b Bull	0	st Bennett, b Bull	13
H. P. Bailey, b Bull	2	b Jessop	8
H. Scattergood, c Bennett, b Bull	11	not out	7
Byes 7, lb 2, nb 4	13	Extras	11
Total	132	Total	256

CYCLING NOTES.

RESPECTING the little legend that the railway companies supply, "without further charge," on the backs of the tickets that they issue to passengers for the conveyance of their bicycles—the said legend setting forth that they do not hold themselves liable for any injury sustained by the machine—we have a friend who has had printed a number of slips bearing the notice that, on his side, he does not hold himself bound by this clause of non-liability on the companies' part, but will deem them responsible, none the less, for any damage that his cycle shall suffer. When the booking clerk delivers him the ticket, he delivers himself of one of these slips, and hands it to the man by way of counterblast to the legend on the reverse of the ticket. By this he deems that he is making clear to the railway companies that he does not hold himself bound by the condition on which they assert that they issue the ticket. But, in point of fact, his trouble and his printed slips are all work of supererogation, for in spite of all the assertions of the companies, they cannot assert themselves free of the provisions of the Carriers' Act, under which they run, and are distinctly responsible, no matter what they say. Still, it is a nice trait of robust independence in our friend's character that this little habit exhibits, and may serve some purpose in showing the companies that every passenger whose cycle they carry is not so ignorant of the law as they appear to think, though not everyone may take the trouble to warn them beforehand of their knowledge of it.



Photo. Thomas. VIEW NEAR NORWICH. Copyright.

Lately, in making a morning call, we came upon a household in one of the

most grievous states of demoralisation it is possible to conceive. It happened to be one of those foggy mornings whereby October has been admonishing us of what we may expect in the coming winter, and it was on this particular morning that this household had chosen to undertake the reparation of one of its punctured cycle tyres, for the first time.

The whole household was working by the light of the gas and of two candles placed on the morning-room floor, and were equipped for the work with as complete an outfit of ignorance as can be imagined. None of the workers had ever seen a puncture mended, or even a tyre removed, before, and, considering that fact, they had got on fairly well at the moment of our arrival. They had mended the puncture by means of one of the "Midget" outfits of indiarubber, sticking solution, and white drying powder; and had actually succeeded in getting both inner and outer tyres replaced. They were now enjoying an interval of rest, admiring the result of their labour, when some candid but unkind critic announced that all the air was going out of the lately-mended tube. The effect of this communication was dreadful. The outer tyre had again to be taken off, and they were yet again driven to the trial by water, which proved, as the writer had ventured to prophesy, that the inner tyre, as often happens, had been "nipped" between the rim of the wheel and the paper-knife with which they had levered it into its place when they were putting it back. The whole constituted a very useful object-lesson. The inner tube is of delicate rubber, and very special care has to be taken that it does not get pinched against the hard and sharp rim while either outer or inner tyre is being replaced. As a rule, the replacing of the outer tyre is something almost analogous to one of the labours of Hercules in the hands of a novice at the job, but this is a labour that is greatly reduced by pushing the wire all round the circumference of the wheel well into the hollow of the rim. The circumference of the centre of the hollow is, of course, not quite so great as the circumference nearer the outside of the rim, and this little difference makes just all the difference when the final strain has to be applied to get the wire to slip into its place. It is then well to draw the wire a little outward again, all round, so that the inner tube may not be pinched between it and the wheel when the air is pumped in.

Stocks' record for the greatest distance covered in the hour has been beaten in America, but our national pride is consoled by hearing that the rider, Michael, is a Welshman by birth. Meanwhile the City Police are endeavouring to find some means of restraining those eager persons who seem inclined to rival these performances and to take the City of London, where the nice asphalt is very tempting, as their exercise ground. On Sunday the City is a delightful place for cycling, and it is not likely that there will be any interference with it on that *dies non* for the business people. But on weekdays and in the crowded business hours, the cyclist seems to have made himself, and herself, rather too much of a good thing, and probably some measures will be taken to prevent people from cycling at all in the City, except leading their machines, in the busy hours. There would be no possible objection to this, but any regulation that debarred clerks of either sex from cycling virtually all the way to their offices in the morning and back again after office hours would be a very real hardship. There are immense numbers for whom this is their only possible exercise throughout the day, and for whom it is, besides, by far their quickest mode of going to their work. The police authorities, however, are quite alive to this view of the case, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt that a fair solution of the difficulty will soon be reached. It is a blessed sight to the cyclist to see wood pavement in many streets being replaced by asphalt. Wood pavement is all very well, in fact, there is nothing better, when it is new and level, but a little age seems to wear it into the worst of holes, that bump the cyclist in a manner as uncomfortable as it is undignified.

As a rule the cyclist that rides through the streets recklessly is in more danger than any of the pedestrians, but there is one practice much in vogue that is a great source of danger to people on foot, even from a cyclist going at a very moderate pace, and that is the practice of passing vehicles on the wrong side. We have even seen this left-side passing advocated in grave articles on cycling; but the danger is manifest. When a pedestrian is crossing a street, and sees a vehicle coming, in front of which he or she has ample time to pass, it naturally does not occur to this person, if the vehicle be well over on its own side of the road, that another vehicle, in the shape of a cycle, may be coming along on its left again. So, safely crossing the bows of the cab or carriage, suddenly the pedestrian is confronted by this cyclist, utterly out of place, clanging a bell, perhaps, but too late. Retreat is impossible, under the feet of the cab-horse, and it is only with a sharp swerve on the cyclist's part, and much nervous suffering on the part of the pedestrian, that a severe accident is generally—but unfortunately, not always—avoided.

FOOTBALL: Richmond v. Liverpool.

THE football match under Rugby rules between Richmond and Liverpool, played on the Athletic Ground at Richmond, resulted in a distinctly easy victory for the Surrey club. Generally Liverpool have given Richmond a good game, but on this occasion they were hopelessly outclassed. The visiting forwards were no match for the opposing pack, while their halves were slow in getting the ball out, and consequently their three-quarters were a good deal handicapped. Richmond tried L. M. Crump, the old Dark Blue half, as one of their wing three-quarters, but he will probably be of greater



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service to the side in the centre, where, it is said, he will figure on the next occasion of his playing.

Richmond, as stated above, had all the best of the game. Ten minutes after the start they opened the scoring through Osocroft, who, taking a good pass from Schwarz, planted the ball between the posts, and it was the easiest thing in the world for Rotherham to convert. Richmond at once returned to the attack, and some neat passing between Schwarz, Rotherham, and Hancock resulted in Schwarz obtaining a try, and again Rotherham brought off the place kick. The home side was soon pressing again, and Hancock put them further ahead by cleverly dropping a goal. A little later Schwarz got away with the ball, and had covered a lot of ground when he passed to Osocroft, who scored a further try, which Rotherham failed to improve. Thus at half-time Richmond had the substantial score of three goals (one dropped) and a try to nil.

On changing ends, Liverpool made an effort to reduce their rivals' lead. Their tackling was very good, and they succeeded in keeping Richmond out for some time. The Richmond three-quarter line, however, by some dexterous passes, enabled Crump to get over, but Rotherham failed at the place kick. Liverpool soon had their hands full again, but Gardiner came out with a fine run three-parts the length of the field, and, getting past Gibson, scored a try, which Garnett could not improve. Shortly before the finish Jackson crossed the visitors' line, and with Rotherham kicking a goal, Richmond won by twenty-five points to three. Teams:—

RICHMOND.—W. W. Gibson (back); L. M. Crump, W. J. Hancock, P. W. Osocroft, and F. A. Jackson (three-quarter backs); R. O. Schwarz and A. Rotherham (half-backs); H. W. Dudgeon, S. Reynolds, R. H. Mangles, E. J. Upton, G. H. Dominey, J. Hammond, W. P. Swaby, and J. H. Kipling (forwards).

LIVERPOOL.—P. Bancroft (back); H. Gardiner, H. G. Garnett, J. S. Tillard, and J. G. Brown (three-quarter backs); J. Clayton and J. Graham (half-backs); R. Pierce, G. L. Vosper, E. Herschell, J. B. Decker, J. V. Thompson, A. A. Lindsay, C. M. Kinnear, and C. W. M. Moorsom (forwards). Referee: Mr. P. Gilliard.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OTHERS, Mulvaney and Learoyd, Mowgli and his beast friends of the weird jungle, have passed away from the scene for a time. The wild song of wine and women and war is silent for a while, and in "Captains Courageous" Mr. Kipling sings, with all his soul and with all his strength, the salt song of the sea. The plot, regarded as a matter of mere incident, is slight enough in all conscience, but I am in grievous error if, under that slight story, there does not lurk a noble and manly conception, and if the making of a fine character is not portrayed with a master's hand in these pages, all too few in number. When Harvey Spence, aged 15 years, fell into the North Atlantic from a liner, he was as complete a specimen of the unspeakable snob as the United States can produce or Mr. Kipling can portray. He was picked up by a dory—not the fish which Quinn used to journey to Plymouth to eat, since there only can it be found in perfection, but a kind of boat—and placed on board the schooner "We're Here," Drisco Troop owner and master, outward bound for a season of some four months' fishing on the Banks. Drisco Troop would have none of the story of the multi-millionaire father in the Far West, and Master Harvey, with Dan Troop, Drisco's son, for tutor, had to work from May to September as fisherman's boy. In September he was returned to his parents endowed with a new and manly character, and they all lived happily ever afterwards. Such is the elaborately simple plot round which Mr. Kipling has

spun a book of infinite variety and charm, and one quite wonderfully illustrative, not only of his versatility and graphic force, but also of that wizard's power of entering into the very hearts of men or four-footed things which commands admiration in every book that comes from his pen. He describes from within, not from without. We feel that we are on board of the "We're Here"; we see Drisco chasing Uncle Salters (who, as part owner, is timorous for the canvas) all over the deck, with seas artfully shipped; we seem to feel the rope's end that follows the luckless Harvey as Long Jack insinuates him in the mysteries of the rigging. Of all this, by the way, Mr. Kipling writes with a convincing familiarity of knowledge that almost persuades one that he must have spent years among the cod-fishing folk. For sheer perfection of realistic art, I have seen nothing for many years to equal the description of "dressing down" the fish:—

"Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone—a steady undertone to the 'click-nick' of the knives in the pen, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, dropped liver and flying offal; the 'cara-a-a-h' of Uncle Salters' knife scooping away backbones; and the flap of wet, opened bodies falling into the tub."

Then the picture of the concert in the fo'c's'le, when the wind was high and the weather was thick, and the schooner rode at anchor, and "up and up the fo'c's'le climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then with a clear, sickle-

like swoop, came down into the seas," is worthy of a Dutch Master. There is the weirdness of Mr. Whistler in the fog scenes, the brilliancy of Turner in the vivid words which make us realise in a flash the great scene at the Virgin Rock when "the sun was just clear of the horizon they had not seen for nearly a week, and his low red light struck into the riding sails of three fleets of anchored schooners." Passing lively and humorous, also, is Mr. Kipling, and his sea songs, or some of them—notably one with the line, "We're the whalers that never see wheat in the ear"—have come to stay. Above all things noteworthy in the novel is the author's sympathy with the sea in many moods, his understanding of the spirit of the ocean, and of the feelings of the men who go down to the sea in ships. He lets us feel the mystery of the grey desert of waves, he makes our blood run faster as the heeling vessel rushes through the waters, he forces us to smile or to laugh at his will; and when the swift, silent, and irretrievable tragedies of the sea come and go, we feel them as sailors feel them. Again, when the mother and wife ashore says, "We lose one hundred a year from Gloucester only, Mr. Cheyne—one hundred boys and men; and I've come so's to hate the sea as if 'twas alive and listening," one realises, more acutely than before, the reason of the profound melancholy which pervades a fishing community. Take it through and through, this is a wonderful book.

"The Lady's Walk" is given to us by Messrs. Methuen, without any special note of introduction from the publisher, as a posthumous work of Mrs. Oliphant. The volume contains two stories, of which the first, and the more important, supplies the title. For the book, I venture to describe it as what ladies used to call "pretty," but by no means striking. It is the story of the misfortunes of a Scottish family, misfortunes arising from the speculations of the eldest son, the said speculations being the result of shortness of money, which, in its turn, was caused by intrigues culminating in marriage with a young person in Bloomsbury. The general tone of the work is intensely domestic, and there is a ghost which gradually develops from a mere sound of footsteps at sunset into a female form, visible to some, invisible to others.

"Roddy Owen: A Memoir," by his sister, Mai Bovill, and G. R. Askwith, is the title of a book published by Mr. Murray, and devoted to the memory of as gallant a young British officer as the all-devouring grave of Africa has ever claimed. Universally popular, and ready to make friends with every honest man, the late Major Owen was a man of the type that the country can ill spare; moreover, his life was worth writing, and it is well written. True and cordial sportsman, almost without a rival across country and in a steeplechase, Owen did excellent service as a soldier, especially in Africa. Brave, quick, adventurous, light-hearted, he was the most general of favourites, and the most useful of aides-de-camp; and, as he proved more than once when he was single-handed in Africa, he could initiate a plan and carry it out gallantly to the end. Yet he had to squeeze his way into the Service through the militia. Is it possible that in these days of high military culture some mute, inglorious Owens may fail to effect an entrance even through the militia?

"The Tormentor" (Fisher Unwin) is a novel which interests and puzzles me, by Benjamin Swift, author of "Nancy Noon"; and "Nancy Noon" is a book about which I know nothing save that Mr. Barrie has spoken concerning it in terms of high praise. In the present volume the Tormentor is Jacob Bristol—and Jacob Bristol is a very strange person indeed. His study is the human heart; he perceives that "Sin has much wit, even humour and imagination, but that virtue has no jokes." "I will be the modern Faust," he said, "an actual living Faust." "He was going to become a refiner and sifter of human nature, but he had a hard task to first sift (split, infinitive, by the way) and refine himself." In the end human nature, and the worst passions of human nature, wins the victory. Bristol certainly succeeds, mainly by dint of his study of humanity, in becoming the recipient of some strange confidences of imaginary crime in the past and of crime to be committed in the future. As a blackmailer, also, he is extremely successful, and, for the life of me, I cannot see why he should not have stuck to the proceeds of his villainy if he had possessed the courage of a common-place blackguard. But he is too refined and also too sensual to be courageous. Generally I would describe this as an impossible and unnatural study of an impossible and unnatural character; but it is illuminated by some very fine passages, and it shows rare insight on occasion.

Mr. Crockett is quite at his best in "Lochinvar" (Methuen), which may be classed as one of the brightest and most dashing of his productions. Everybody knows the famous song in "Marmion" which Sir Walter puts into the mouth of the "wily lady" Heron, whose fascinations were too much for James IV. of Scotland. Mr. Crockett makes Young Lochinvar flourish, after many wild and perilous adventures, in the time of William of Orange. One or two small points that we all love in the song are lost. "Now tread we a measure" has no place, for example, in Mr. Crockett's story. The "fair Ellen" becomes Kate McGhie; the "craven bridegroom," "a laggard in love and a dastard in war," is supplanted by Barra, who, past master in villain's tricks though he be, is neither laggard nor coward; in brief, there are a score of differences. Now it passeth my knowledge to say whether in very truth there be a good Scots legend of Lochinvar, or whether Sir Walter or the Scots novelist of to-day be the faithful teller of it. To the Southron, indeed, this is matter of little moment. It is enough that the spirit of the ballad is preserved, that of this Lochinvar, as of the other, it can be sung:—

"So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung."

What do these details matter so long as our author gives us a rattling story of Love and War, and who cares in what century the story is fixed so long as in turning over the pages he finds Young Lochinvar "so faithful in love and so dauntless in war"? He had to be faithful in very truth, faithful enough to break prison in the low countries and to pursue his love, whom Murdo Barra had abducted, from the Dutch Coast to the English, and from the Scottish Coast to the Hebrides in open boats. Great swimming also is placed in the way of the hero, "who swam the Eske river, where ford there was none." Indeed, the Esk was never a circumstance to the Suck of Sulisannia. Nor could it be said of Young Lochinvar, as of Dr. Brown's famous dog John Pym, that his life was full of sairousness since he couldna get enough o' fechtin'. The man was always fighting; for first he fought John Scarlett, who had taught him the art of fence, and then he and Scarlett fought a mob of Barra's assassins, and then they killed a small army of pursuers, and then Lochinvar disarmed the Highland chieftain, Keppoch, and then they marched with Dundee and fought at Killiecrankie. Seldom has more wild adventure or has a more generous allowance of hair-breadth escape been crammed into a single volume. Andrea Ferrara is as busy and as unerring as the hunter's rifle in Mayne Reid. Withal the characterisation is excellent of men and women alike. Altogether a capital book is this; a book which boys will swallow wholesale and grown men and women will like not a little.

Much sentiment that is quite out of place has been poured out in the shape of reviews of that very remarkable book, "St. Ives" (Heinemann), the last handiwork of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is quite true, of course, and a matter of infinite pathos, that the book was written or dictated, sometimes, it is said, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, when that most lovable of men and that delightful writer was all but suffering the pains of death; and this fact, it is suggested, ought to disarm criticism. To my mind that is absolutely the wrong view to take, and for two reasons. Firstly, although I yield to none in admiration of Stevenson's high qualities of rich imagination and polished style, it still remains true that for present purposes the book, the book alone, and not the man, is the subject of interest. What men and women want to learn in relation to the book is not how ill the beloved author was when it was produced. That they know already, and have heard a thousand times from his friends. Nay, I go further. In a score of cases it were well that we should know nothing of the personality of the author of any notable book, for if we love him too well we are prone to place him upon a pedestal of exaggerated height, and if we like him not at all there is danger lest we should undervalue the quality of his work. Secondly, there is in the case of this strong and imaginative work no reason why the most sensitive of Stevenson's personal friends, or of his literary worshippers, should entreat the most vigorous critic to place a button on his foil's point. For "St. Ives," so far as it comes to us in Stevenson's own words—and he brought us almost within sight of the end—deserves to rank very high amongst its maker's works as it stands, to rank, perhaps, higher than it might have been the case if he had been able to bestow upon it that prodigious care in polishing and revising which he gave to his finished work. In more than one of his earlier books, it seems to me, overmuch *time labor* has produced an occasional impression of artificiality, and the vigorous, creative, dramatic imagination of Stevenson the Maker has failed of part of its effect because Stevenson the nice critic has whittled it away, has sacrificed some strength for the sake of delicate diction. In "St. Ives" we have the story, the incidents, white-hot as they come from the maker's brain; and that is a great matter. For the story is strong, and it carries the reader away as a lusty breeze takes a vessel over the water, and the characters live and move and have a wonderfully masculine being. The strength is more precious than the polish, and one regrets not the absence of the polish, in spite of the unspeakable sadness of the cause of that absence. Mr. Quiller Couch has done his work well, probably no man could have done it better; but it was the kind of work that never need have been done at all. When a great writer passes away in the middle of a creative book, the book may always and wisely be left, even though it break off abruptly, to tell its own story. So when Thackeray died, the conductors of the *Cornhill Magazine* caused these words to be written of the unfinished "Denis Duval":—"As for the gaps and breaks in his last pages, nothing that we can write is likely to add to their significance. There they are, and the reader's mind has already fallen into them, with sensations not to be improved by the ordinary commentator. If Mr. Thackeray himself could do it, that would be another thing." If Stevenson, in this case, could do it, that also would be another thing. But Mr. Couch, even when he follows the Stevensonian model most closely and most successfully, is still Mr. Couch. With this feeling I place "St. Ives" reverently on the narrow shelf which suffices for my best friends among books, in the belief that, while the duty of reading Mr. Couch has been performed once for all, the pleasure of returning to Stevenson in a mood of unexampled strength will always be in reach and will be enjoyed often.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to occupy a little space in your columns to appeal to the many thousands of your readers who love and appreciate horses? I would call their attention to that excellent charity, the Home of Rest for Horses, at Friars' Place Farm, Acton, where animals that work for poor owners can obtain the rest and care for want of which they so often break down. It is sad to reflect that many of the beautiful horses seen daily in London, in their prime, will, in all probability, end their days as humble slaves—too often, alas! overworked and underfed. It must surely, therefore, be a source of comfort to the compassionate to know that some such refuge as the Home of Rest is open to them. At present the resources of the Home are so limited that its usefulness is greatly restricted. This is very much to be regretted, as the charity is one which, in helping horses, helps their owners also. Cabmen, laundrymen, greengrocers, chimney-sweeps, costermongers, and many others are largely dependent on horses for their earnings, and when these break down, they can be taken into the Home for care and treatment, and the owners supplied, if necessary, with a horse in the meantime, to replace their own. These are the practical lines on which the charity is conducted; and the fact that, out of ninety-one horses admitted last year, only three were found to be incurable—though many were suffering severely from accidents, sickness, and other causes—testifies to the careful treatment they receive in the Home. Funds are *urgently* needed in order to extend its benefits, many pitiful cases having to be refused for want of accommodation. When we realise the value of a little timely rest in the case of hard-working men and women, it is not difficult to gain some idea of the good effects of a few weeks spent in the Home by these patient and willing animals, to whom we owe so much, and whose useful services we can only repay by care and kindness. Donations and annual subscriptions may be paid to the bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, London; or they will be thankfully received by Mr. Sutherland Safford—the secretary—at the office, 47, Buckingham Palace Road, where all further particulars can be obtained.—WINIFRED PORTLAND.

WELBECK ABBEY, Oct. 28th, 1897.

THE OPENING DAY.

A RELATIVE of mine was wont to observe that every hunting man should make a point of going out on the first day of the season and the last; and it is not a little singular that there are many men who are more in evidence on these days than on any other occasion during the season. Other days other manners, however, and in the times my relative spoke of most hunts were practically hunt clubs, especially in the provinces, and the expenses of the establishment were generally borne by a limited number of members, who met twice annually to dine and discuss the affairs of the hunt. Some of the rules of these hunt clubs were very quaint. One was to the effect that the president should call for the dinner bill two hours after drawing the cloth. Others were to the effect that any member absent from the annual dinner should pay a fine of 5s., half of which was to go to the fund and the other half to the dinner bill, and that any member betting a wager either in the field or at any meeting should be fined 2s. 6d. Where such rules as these obtained, and where the members of the hunt formed a small but select coterie, there is little wonder that it should be considered *en regle* for every member of the hunt to see the season begin and end.

In my earlier days, at any rate amongst provincial packs, the cub-hunting season was not prolonged, probably on account of a scarcity of foxes. The last week in September, and the first two or three weeks in October, were generally all that were devoted to cub-hunting—some eight or nine days all told. Then about the twentieth of October hounds were advertised, top boots and the pink were donned, and the season began in earnest. I remember the time when the Hurworth always met for their opening day at Yarm on the Saturday in Yarm Fair week—Yarm Fair is held on October 18th, 19th, and 20th—and many other North Country packs regulated their opening day by the same date. But as time wore on, the first week in November was fixed upon for the opening meet of the season, in imitation, doubtless, of the time-honoured custom of the Quorn in meeting at Kirby Gate on the first Monday in November. In Ireland the old plan of opening the season in October is adopted still, and there seems to be reason, in some countries, at any rate, to revert to the old custom in England. For it may be asked, when hounds are advertised to meet at 10.30, when foxes have ceased to be held up, and when, to all intents and purposes, everything is carried on as in mid-season, why the opening meet of the season be postponed? In many countries the season, which nominally opened last Monday, really opened a fortnight ago, though without the pomp and circumstance which characterises the first day of the season.

The opening day in most hunts, at any rate so far as its earlier hours are concerned, is to a certain extent of a holiday character. If the morning be at all a favourable one, and the fixture within a reasonable distance of a town or in the centre of a thickly-inhabited neighbourhood, as the hour of meeting approaches the lanes will be thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, from the

aristocratic Victoria to the governess car and the butcher's cart. Bicycles will be gliding about in every direction, dashing suddenly round corners, frightening horses by dropping on to them unawares, and following up the surprise with violent bell-ringing. Bicycles our ancestors had not to contend with in their hunting days, and there is no bigger nuisance to huntsmen than cyclists who go scouring along in the direction they think hounds likely to run, and who as a general rule manage to head more foxes than anyone else who goes out. Indeed, in some countries, on the opening day, those who follow hounds in the legitimate manner are almost crowded out till the time comes for the afternoon fox, but then they have their innings.

But there is something pleasant about the holiday character of our modern opening day. The fore part of the day is given up, more or less, to those non-hunting friends of ours who come to see us on wheels, and the master gives an extra quarter of an hour's law, in spite of the fact that days are short.

How pleasant is it to renew the acquaintanceships and friendships of last season, and to talk over what has passed since last we foregathered in those cherished days when the drying winds of March had sent us on to the moors for the last week of the season. Some, alas! will join us no more, and for them we have a kindly memory, and perchance a spoken word of regret. But the opening day of the season is a joyous one, and our old acquaintances renewed, we have to make new ones of the stranger within our gates, who is about to cast in his lot with us for a more or less lengthened visit. So the extra quarter of an hour goes pleasantly by. The cherry brandy and the new horse, and the latest thing in bridles, saddles, or stirrup leathers have been discussed. There is a movement in the group under the trees, and hounds move off to try the laurels "for the ladies' fox," as the huntsman tells you with a grin, as he waves his hounds into covert. There is soon a challenge, and then a crash, as hounds race through the laurels and round by the small spinneys which abound in the park where they met, but no fox, however good his intentions might be, could possibly face that excited crowd. In half an hour, or thereabouts, the end has come, and the first run of the season is over without much of incident. Then, the funeral ceremony performed, hounds move slowly off; gradually the huntsman increases his pace; he turns out of the road; the jog becomes a canter; one or two big places are negotiated, and in a few minutes we are at a favourite covert where a quick find is certain. Soon the welcome tidings is proclaimed in no uncertain note that there is a fox on foot, and in another instant a cheery view-holloa tells us that he is away, and we are once more galloping over the grass. Away to the right we see our carriage and bicycle friends of the morning, but if scent holds they shall scarcely head our fox for us this time. A good run with the afternoon fox, ending with a kill, makes up a typical opening day—such an opening day as will fall, I hope, to the lot of my readers; such an opening day as will be the forerunner of an open and brilliant season. RED ROVER.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

THE death of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, early on the morning of Wednesday, October 27th, has caused a feeling of deep sorrow among the nation at large. The Duchess had endeared herself to all ranks of English Society by her unflinching courtesy, her genuine kindness of heart, and her benevolence in the cause of charity; and it is not too much to say that her loss will be severely felt by every subject of the realm.



Photo. by Walery, Regent Street.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

The Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth was a daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, and consequently sister to the present Duke of Cambridge, and first cousin to Her Majesty the Queen. She was Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, and of the Royal Red Cross, as well as a Dame Chevalière of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She was born on November 27th, 1833, and was married June 12th, 1866, to Francis, Duke of Teck.

As a young Princess, in the early days, years before her marriage, Princess Mary was known as a beautiful, bright, light-hearted girl, whose smiling face and attractive manners earned for her the general sobriquet of "Happy Mary" from the people who admired her so much. Thus it is that the memory of Princess Mary is to-day spoken of with such affectionate regard by all that English nation which she so sincerely loved, and was so proud of, and by the poor especially, to whom she was ever a constant, kind, and faithful friend.

The official account of the Duchess's illness and death, made public on the afternoon of the day of her decease, was as follows:—"On Tuesday morning Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck was suddenly taken ill. Dangerous symptoms rapidly supervened, necessitating an immediate operation. This was successfully performed, and her symptoms relieved, but Her Royal Highness's general condition was such that she died of cardiac failure two hours after the operation."

That Society possessed no more universally popular member, or one who was more thoroughly in touch with its different sections and interests, will be easily understood when it is stated that Her Royal Highness was patron or president of upwards of half a hundred distinct societies.

In home and family life Her Royal Highness was ideally happy, and as a hostess the Duchess was delightful. The Sunday afternoon "At Homes" at White Lodge were always an interesting occasion to those who were privileged to attend them. Members of the Royal Family would be present, while the Duchess's friends would include people distinguished in art and literature, music, and the stage. The Duchess herself was exceedingly musical, and until quite recently would often delight her circle by singing some well-known old ballad or song. She had also an exceedingly keen sense of humour, and could tell a story remarkably well.

Her Royal Highness was one of the most notable women of the age, and her death will be mourned by every single individual with whom she ever came in contact. Her most distinguishing characteristics were her wonderful tact, her amiability, and her ability to appreciate the wants and necessities of others.

In common with other prominent personages of the Royal house, Princess Mary possessed a wonderful memory. She was never at fault in remembering names or recognising faces. Her Royal Highness also had a remarkable capacity for putting people at their ease, while her profound interest in all philanthropic movements, and more especially in all the various works of charity with which she was personally identified, was conspicuous.

Princess Mary took a warm interest in the silk industry of this country, and made strenuous efforts some years ago to revive it, which was only another instance of her practical sympathy in a good cause. At the time of Princess May's betrothal, speaking with reference to the trousseau and the wedding dresses, it was very characteristic of her profoundly national sentiments that she should have observed: "I am determined that all the silk shall come from England, all the flannel from Wales, all the tweeds from Scotland, and every yard of lace and poplin from Ireland." And in this, as in everything else she undertook, she was as good as her word.

The funeral of Her Royal Highness took place on Wednesday last, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the ceremonial observed being of a similar nature to that adopted at previous interments of members of branches of the Reigning House. The service was profoundly impressive, as is always the case with ceremonials held in St. George's, where the organ peals forth and the chant of the surpliced choir re-echoes through the vaulted roof of that grand old Chapel of the Knights of the Garter. Numerous members of the Royal Family, headed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, were present, attended by the Lord Chamberlain, and all the chief officers of State ceremonials, with a large gathering of the aristocracy, several Cabinet Ministers, and many members of both Houses of Parliament.

Overnight the body of the lamented Princess had been brought by road from Kew to Windsor, and was laid in St. George's Chapel. After the service the coffin was borne to the Royal vault, constructed under what is now the Albert Chapel



Photo. by Russell,

WHITE LODGE.

Baker Street.

The Duchess was passionately fond of flowers, and never missed attending a show of the Botanic Society, unless her absence was absolutely unavoidable. Her Royal Highness had also a keen appreciation of art, was devoted to music, and had possibly a more complete knowledge of the drama than any member of the Royal Family, except the Prince of Wales.

Numerous anecdotes illustrative of the conspicuous urbanity and kindliness of heart universally displayed by Her Royal Highness, confirm the feeling uppermost in the hearts of the people—that they have lost a friend. Her relations with high and low, rich and poor, were alike so uniformly cordial, that the deep sorrow of the Royal Family, the mourning of her friends, and the grief of her immediate circle of intimate acquaintances, have been accompanied by a general and spontaneous chorus of regret from the great mass of the British nation.

by command of the grandfather of the deceased, George III., as a last resting-place for himself and the members of his family. This vault is connected with the choir of St. George's Chapel by an underground passage.

At the East end are the coffins of George III. and Queen Charlotte. The late Duke of York, who died in 1827, lies in the north-east corner of the crypt. The coffins of George IV., William IV., Queen Adelaide, Princess Charlotte and her child, the Duke of Kent, Prince Harold of Schleswig-Holstein, the infant son of Prince and Princess Christian, the King of Hanover, and Princess Victoria, infant daughter of Princess Frederica, rest upon the stone tables in the middle, while those of Princesses Amelia and Augusta, the Duchess of Brunswick, and others are also in the vault, which is never opened excepting upon the occasion of Royal funerals or visits.

LITERARY NOTES.

POLITICS apart, the retirement of Mr. Low from the editorial chair of the *St. James's Gazette*, which he has occupied since the resignation of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, is a literary calamity in its kind, for Mr. Low's taste in literature is severe and refined, and whatsoever received his good word was sure to be worth reading. Of great ability and untiring in industry, he impressed his personality on the whole paper. Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who succeeds him, is also a man of refined taste and scholarship, an expert in the art of appreciating Mr. George Meredith, and a remarkably well-read man. But we gain nothing, for Mr. Chisholm has been permanently engaged on the *Gazette* for some years, and we lose the shrewd guidance of Mr. Low.

The death of Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has followed with almost tragic rapidity upon the publication of the second instalment, so to speak, of the "Golden Treasury." Himself no mean master of expression in verse and prose, he came of a learned family, for his father was well known both as historian and antiquarian, and his brother, William Gifford Palgrave, ranks high amongst Arabic scholars. Moreover, few men who have enjoyed the privilege of conversation with Sir Reginald Palgrave, Clerk to the House of Commons, can have failed to recognise the wide extent of his knowledge or the refinement of his taste. To say that the

second instalment of the "Golden Treasury" was the equal of the first would be rash at present, for the omissions have excited the anger of many enthusiasts infected with a fever of admiration for some singers of our own day. It may be, indeed, that personal affection for Tennyson and his work made Mr. Palgrave blind to the merits of some modern bards. But it must be remembered that in an anthology a man may not always obtain the right to publish all that he would like to include, and, for my part, I have such assured confidence in Mr. Palgrave's ear and taste that I am convinced the "Second Series" will grow upon me. Now comes the question who shall take Mr. Palgrave's bishopric as Professor of Poetry at Oxford? The best living judges of poetry, known to the public, are probably Mr. Henley and Mr. Watts Dunton.

A biography which the wise will by no means miss is "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (Smith, Elder). Soon, perhaps, there may be space to deal at some length with the story of her love and of the bitter resentment of her father, and to mention the glimpse which the correspondence gives us of her literary friendships. In the meanwhile, surely every lover of animals must raise a gentle protest against that tendency to depreciate Mrs. Browning's poetry which finds expression in the *Times* in such epithets as "too unmeasured"

—which is, too, bad syntax—"too much" wanting in self-restraint, too mannered." One does not want measure or self-restraint in such lines as

"And, because he loved me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often, man or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
Leaning from my human."

Let us pass from grave to gay. A quaint booklet lying on my table—"Colonel Bogey's Sketchbook," by R. André (Longmans)—reminds me that there was never such weather golf as has been given to us in October of 1897, and that the moment is appropriate for dealing with Mr. André. His sketches, which are numerous, are full of quaint humour, ancient and modern. For frontispiece we have the great golf octopus enfolding young and old in his tentacles, then some quaint illustrations of antediluvian golf, Medusa with her snake locks, ending in brassies and cleeks, golf nightmares, a golfer's version of the Judgment of Paris, and so forth *ad infinitum*. The humour of the sketches is boisterous. The letterpress is a bubbling fountain of bad puns, which eventually compel laughter by their ingenuity. A man who begins with "Headsick" and "Hiccoughheimer," almost irritates the reader; but when we come to the "eighteen-hole duty of man," the "link's-eyed monster," "Veeve Cleek Oh," the "loft" of a wine-glass, the ancient mariner narrating "some bad lie of the past," and things like that, we are compelled to yield the reluctant homage of laughter to sheer persistence in execrable punning. That, after all, is Mr. Burnand's method.

Some wisecracks are saying that the publishers are taking a prudent rest before raising the sluice which will let out the pent-up flood of Christmas books. I shall welcome that Yule-Tide torrent, for, after months spent over novels, philosophical, emotional, religious, sentimental, over memoirs and histories, there is something distinctly refreshing in a plunge into the storm of wild adventure which is supposed to please the boys. Really they like the *Strand Magazine*, the *Lub*, and *Ti-Bits* ever so much better; but no matter. But for the life of me I cannot see any sign of rest among the publishers. It is true, of course, and in the nature of a blessing, that one cannot expect books of the calibre of the Blackwood annals or the Tennyson memoir or the Browning letters every week. But of books which may be looked for hopefully, and of the promise of such books in the future, this week seems to me quite reasonably prolific.

To start with, Mr. Heinemann brings out Madame Sarah Grand's "The Beth Book." I have not the slightest idea what this particular Beth means, but I have still less doubt that the public will flock to buy, to borrow, and to read any book from the by-no-means-over-prolific author of "The Heavenly Twins." Then a new story, "Lost Man's Lane," is to come after a while from Miss Anna Katharine Green. Now Miss Green wrote "The Leavenworth Case," and we all know what a rush there was for that. Mr. Unwin, again, promises "Margaret Foster," a posthumous work of that friendly, turgid old gossip, George Augustus Sala. For the sake of the memory of Auld Lang Syne, many men will read what the dead man wrote. Moreover, there are plenty of more serious books; yet not very serious, to make their appearance this week, or very soon. Mr. Herbert Vivian's "Servia—The Poor Man's Paradise" (Longmans) is sure to be entertaining, for Mr. Vivian is a merry if somewhat flippant writer, and I know that he spent much of last year in Servia, enjoying himself amazingly. "Wild Traits in Tame Animals," by Dr. Louis Robinson (Blackwood), should make good reading, and the "Autobiography and Letters of the Right Hon. J. A. Roebuck, Q.C., M.P.," edited by Mr. R. E. Leader for Mr. Edward Arnold, cannot fail to be interesting.

Books to order from the library:—

"The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Edited by F. G. Kenyon. (Smith, Elder.)

"England Through Chinese Spectacles." Wo Chang. (Cotton Press.)

"The Potter's Wheel." Rev. J. Watson (Ian McLaren). (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Lavengro" (a new edition). George Borrow. (Newnes.)

"For the Life of Others." G. Cardella. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

"Through the Famine Districts of India." F. H. S. Merewether. (Innes.)

"In the Permanent Way." Flora Annie Steel. (Heinemann.)

LOOKER-ON.

UNCALLED-FOR HEROICS.

AT one time in the history of this country, and that comparatively not so very long ago, there was a disposition to take unduly little notice of the many brave deeds done by the sailors and soldiers of the British Navy and Army. It was *de rigueur* to take all valiant services as only the duty of the soldier or the sailor, as the case might be, and any attempt to publicly appreciate such bravery was sternly repelled. Our gracious Queen—it has always been understood at the suggestion of her sagacious consort, Prince Albert, as he then was—was one of the first to remedy this state of affairs, by instituting that priceless order of merit, the Victoria Cross. The simple words, "For valour," which the decoration bears for an inscription, are more eloquent than volumes. For valour, for some deed of noble self-denial, for life coolly risked against overwhelming odds to succour a wounded comrade or carry out the orders of a superior officer, this coveted guerdon is bestowed.

But of late there has arisen a decided tendency to overdo expressions of appreciation at the deeds of those who are doing their duty against the enemies of their country, to proceed, in fact, to the opposite extreme to cold neglect and give way to gush; than which there is nothing in its line more repulsive, especially to those who are gushed over.

In the Frontier campaign now taking place in India, a great deal of very hard work has been done. In an almost inaccessible country, against a dauntless semi-savage foe, untold hardships have been undergone by the soldiers of the Queen, culminating in severe fighting, with an inevitable but none the less deeply regrettable loss of much valued life.

From the nature of the campaign, carried on as it has been in the wild fastnesses of the mountains, communication of details of the various engagements has been necessarily scant. Perhaps the most voluminous account of any yet received has been the story cabled home of the battle at Dargai, in which a very fine piece of work by the Gordon Highlanders was described. Towards the close of the day's proceedings, the brunt of the battle throughout the day having been borne by other regiments of the division—the Goorkhas, the Derbyshire and Dorsetshire Regiments—the Highlanders, who had been held in reserve, were

brought up to carry the position by assault. It was a severe ordeal, for the enemy were entrenched, and were covering with their rifle fire, which has all along been exceptionally accurate, the space, or fire-zone, as it is called, over which the regiment had to make their rush. But under cover of sixteen pieces of artillery, simultaneously brought to bear on the enemy's entrenchments, the rush was gallantly made and the position won.

This very efficient performance of their duty by the Highlanders has given rise to a great deal of hysterical jubilation, and much glorification of the race, the display of which by other nations in the hour of victory Englishmen are the first to ridicule. Foreigners will certainly have the right to assume that the fact that the Gordon Highlanders of to-day have proved worthy of the traditions of their regiment and the British Army, has come as a surprise to their countrymen, judging as they will do by the burst of heroics with which the Press have received the event.

And they will certainly be the more justified in such an opinion on reading the wretched doggerel with which "the largest circulation in the world" saw fit to celebrate the engagement. It is safe to say of this latest effort of Sir Edwin Arnold that there is not an editor in London, and probably not one in the provinces, who would not straightway have consigned the contribution to the waste-paper basket, if it had been sent in by an unknown writer.

Not only is there an utter disregard of quantity, rhythm, and rhyme—for example, gather and heather, cries and sacrifice, heard and afeared—but in the line "Dorsetshires, Derbyshires, turn back," the verses certainly carry an insinuation against the two English regiments, which is utterly unwarrantable, in view of the scanty information in the author's knowledge at the time his lines were written.

That the Highlanders do not wear buskins, and that the principal cause of all the trouble that the rising has given has been that the musket is no longer used by the hill tribes, but that their weapons are Martini-Henry rifles, are comparative details of inaccuracy which might be overlooked in a poet—if he was a real poet, writing real poetry—but *poeta nascitur, non fit*, not even by big type in "the largest circulation in the world." As a matter of fact, the effusion was quite unnecessary, very clumsily put together, and in one respect written in very bad taste.

NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.

THAT there is room for an up-to-date fixture in Oxfordshire is amply proved by the number of minor shows held there during the season.

Witney, Kidlington, Woodstock, and Headington have during the past twelve months attracted a fair amount of interest, but it has been left to Mr. F. W. Mousir, of Banbury, to arrange one of the most important shows ever held in the county. Twelve months ago the Fox-terrier Club visited Oxford, and although the attendance of the general public was very small, there is but little doubt that the ranks of active fanciers received additions as the result of that most excellent show. It was not, then, surprising to find Fox-terriers a very great feature at Banbury a week ago.

Apart from Mr. George Raper, no very fashionable breeder put in an appearance, a fact making competition all the keener, for after Claude Duval and Go Bang—the Sheffield gentleman's incomparable brace—had headed their classes, there was a rare struggle among the smaller fry for the minor awards. The best youngster benched was the young wire-haired, Round the World, claimed at a very high figure for Mrs. Harcourt Clare, at Bristol, a month back. He is certainly one of the best puppies seen out for many a long day, and will, with luck, win the highest honours for his plucky purchaser. Other good dogs benched at Banbury were the collie, Wellesbourne Flirt, and the greyhound, Southborough Reality, winner of a Palace Championship a week earlier. Both headed their classes, the former—a daughter of Mr. Reginald Higson's Wellesbourne Conqueror—being a little out of coat; otherwise she is one of the handsomest puppies now being shown.

By a very sensible arrangement, the Oxford Fanciers' Society held a one-day fixture, to follow Banbury, consequently a large proportion of exhibitors and their dogs went on to the Varsity city. Here, again, the entry was a good one, Dandie Dinmonts being a very great feature. Mrs. Peel Hewitt benched Tartan Chief, a big winner in good company, but he was here quite outclassed by a brace of Leamington dogs. Mrs. Lowery, however, also a London lady, did very well with her novice, heading two classes. A feature of the remaining sections were the Hon. Miss E. Dillon's Irish Wolfhounds, the same lady's old type Blenheims not finding favour with the judge, who placed a particularly well-coated Prince Charles, owned by a working man of Oxford, over the aristocrats from Pudlicote House. The two classes confined to the Varsity were failures, neither bringing out any dog of merit.

"E. B. J." contributes an interesting article to the *Stock-Keeper* on the rapid growth of the Beagle as a show variety. The writer, whom many will recognise as a one-time prominent breeder, gives statistics showing how the entry at the Kennel Club Show has sprung from fourteen in 1895 to fifty-five this year. He rightly pays a high compliment to the Beagle Club, which, instituted in 1894, has done so much towards reinstating the old English breed to public favour. It is to be hoped, however, that the present rage for "under 10 in." or pocket Beagles, will not result in loss of vigour or constitution in the endeavour to retain the diminutive size.

BIRKDALE.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FITZWILLIAM, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, was a celebrated beauty while yet Miss Edith Lane-Fox, before her marriage to the Hon. W. Reginald Fitzwilliam, eighth son of the present Earl of that name. She is one of the four daughters of the late Hon. Charles Lane-Fox, who, with his sisters, had, by warrant dated July, 1859, a patent of precedence given them as if their mother had survived her only brother, the seventh Duke of Leeds, and had succeeded to the title of Baroness Conyers. Her cousins are the beautiful Countess of Yarborough, Baroness Conyers in her own right, and the lovely Countess of Powis. Our portrait gives some idea of Mrs. Fitzwilliam's grace and beauty, but it conveys no suggestion of her marvellous colouring, or the tint of her red-gold hair, for which she is so celebrated.

Country Life

ILLUSTRATED.

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Public School Cricket.—The portraits of Mr. A. D. Legard and Mr. H. C. Pilkington, of Eton, and of Mr. E. M. Dowson and Mr. T. G. O. Cole, of Harrow, which appeared in the issues of October 23rd and October 30th, were from photographs taken by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Eton, Harrow, Oxford, and London.

COUNTRY NOTES.

THE heavy fogs which have covered London during the past week have been quite local. Outside the metropolitan area the weather has been superb, and October, 1897, will long be remembered as one of the most delightful

months on record. The high range of temperature throughout the month is most unusual, and although the average will be lowered somewhat by a drop during a few days, when a biting north-east wind prevailed, it will be necessary to search very far back—it is said over fifty years—to find such high readings of the thermometer as those of the month just past.

While the general public have been revelling in the glorious sunshine, hunting men have been fervently hoping for rain. It was found necessary in many instances to make the opening meets conditional on rain falling before Saturday, October 30th, and as no rain did fall before that date, a week's postponement has been decided upon. The ground, after so long a drought, is, in many countries, too hard for galloping. Those who have been obliged to possess their souls in patience for another week—and only keen fox-hunters can appreciate how hard a trial that is—will be anxiously on the look-out for the falling glass forecasting rain, and the proverbial "southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

The verdict of manslaughter against two members of the sect calling themselves Peculiar People for causing the deaths of some children by neglecting to provide medical aid, followed by a conviction at the Old Bailey, has raised a question of very great difficulty, and probably the decision arrived at by Mr. Justice Ridley, that they should be bound over to come up for judgment when called upon, was the most generally satisfactory solution of the case that could be found. It is utterly repugnant to modern ideas to punish a man for conscience sake, and no one will doubt the sincerity of these people, however wrong their ideas may be. But when religious convictions clash with the law, religious convictions have to give way. To imprison these people would only make martyrs of them, and advertise the tenets of their faith. Most of the members of the Peculiar People are ignorant country folk, whose ignorance only makes them the more bigoted and difficult to convince of their error. A man may be within his legal rights in refusing medical aid for himself, but when he applies his belief to others, especially to helpless children, with the result that six out of a family of eleven die through his neglect, it is high time a check should be given, even in a free country, to the carrying out of what he calls his religious convictions.

Just at this time of year the youths of this country are afflicted with what, for want of a better name, may be called "Guy Fawkes fever." Its usual symptoms are an inordinate desire to discharge squibs, crackers, and other detonating fireworks all over the place. So long as these pyrotechnic efforts are confined to back gardens or other private enclosures, little can be said against the practice, but when the public streets are chosen for these explosive experiments, harm is almost certain to ensue. Of course the practice is forbidden by the police, but the guardians of the public peace cannot be everywhere, while recently a large portion of the force, in rural districts at least, appear to have been occupied in timing bicyclists; but its being contrary to law only adds spice to the delight boys feel in forbidden joys. A valuable horse being driven in harness bolted after being frightened in this way, threw and severely injured the driver, smashed the cart, and was in its turn so badly injured that it is not likely to be of further service. To remember the fifth of November is all very well, but there is no occasion to start celebrating the gunpowder treason and plot so long before the day, while the public street is, in any case, certainly not the spot for the celebration.

The dispute as to the ownership of One Tree Hill, at Honor Oak, has brought to light some curious tenures on which lands and estates are held. Perhaps, however, the instance recently quoted in the newspapers of the lease of some sixteen acres of meadow land at Lingfield is unique. The lease was granted on St. Michael's Day, 1651, for a term of 2,900 years, at the curious rental of "a red rose when demanded." If, as is not impossible, the Dover coal seams be found to extend under this property, and Lingfield should become a busy manufacturing town, the land will certainly be cheap at the rent, whatever it is now. In times gone by, Sussex, close to whose borders Lingfield is situated, was renowned the world over for its iron manufactures, and many hold the opinion that in the near future what is now a peaceful pastoral district, unexcelled throughout England for a quiet beauty all its own, will become a second black country, and, like Staffordshire, covered with smoking chimneys and the glowing furnaces which make a night railway journey through that district an experience to be remembered.

The opening meet of the Old Surrey at Coulsdon Court, on Saturday, attracted one of the largest attendances of recent years. Mr. Byron's pack has had a good time at cubbing, the young foxes that had been turned down having settled exceedingly well. The weather on Saturday was quite summer-like, and after the exchange of seasonable compliments a move was made round the home coverts. Without any result, however,

for scent was very bad, the ground in many places being as dry as a bone. Trotting on to Whiteshill, several foxes were found at home, one giving the field a rare run towards Godstone. The line was, however, crossed several times, and an early move made for kennels. Most of the old followers, and not a few new ones, put in an appearance, and, from all accounts, the season is likely to be a good one.

The wonderful records of some of the homing pigeons recently shown at the exhibition held at the Royal Aquarium, under the auspices of the North Middlesex Flying Club, are most convincing as to the value of these swift-winged messengers in times of peace and war alike. For a pigeon to fly 600 miles seems incredible, but this distance had been covered by no less than seven of the birds at the Aquarium show. The course was from the Shetland Islands to London, and last year's record has been beaten by something like 100 miles. It is fully expected, however, that with further knowledge and experience of breeding and training, even this long distance will be exceeded in the near future; and the Belgians, who have hitherto been the most successful in pigeon flying, will have to look to their laurels, or they will be beaten by British breeders. Of course, in an exhibition of this kind the points of ordinary pigeon shows are entirely disregarded, stamina, strength, and wing power being the only considerations; good looks, colour, and perfect shape being of no account if the three things needful are not possessed by the bird. For instance, Dr. Nansen may be "a rum un to look at," but the fact that when twelve months old he flew from Thurso to London, a distance of 500 miles, in twelve hours, conclusively proves that he is "a good un to go," for the fastest express trains can hardly make better time over so long a journey.

The fine weather of late has induced many sportsmen to return to the moors, and grouse driving has taken place on several of the Yorkshire moors, excellent bags having been made. At Caldbergh seven guns bagged seventy brace, whilst over forty brace were killed on the adjoining moor. In Colsterdale, good sport has been obtained, although birds now are very wild and difficult to bring over the guns.

Covert shooting has not yet been indulged in to any extent in Yorkshire, as the coverts are still full of leaf. Pheasants are numerous, and above the average. Partridge driving has had to be resorted to on most manors, as birds are too wild to permit of being walked up.

It comes as rather a curious comment on the scarcity of most kinds of edible fish, whether bass, soles, or "good fresh herrings," deplored by so many of our correspondents throughout the season, that a very remarkable number of sharks should have been caught on the East Coast of Scotland. Two hundred within a space of only a few days or so are the figures reported from Aberdeen, and if 200 at one place reported, how many may that not mean of the unreported, and all round the coast? Moreover, to be reported the shark must, presumably, be caught, and what number of these sea-wolves are likely to be caught in proportion to the number still going scot free? On the whole, it is quite safe to infer, without going into those most fallacious of all facts—figures—that sharks have been present around our coasts this year in prodigious and quite unusual numbers.

As for the species of shark, that is a matter that it is hard to be certain of in the absence of more scientifically accurate accounts, but certain it is that it makes little difference. Even if we merely call them dogfish, the effect on the other fish is just the same. We know quite well—all of us who have ever slung out a plummet line into the sea, or let down a long line, or fished the sea by any of the many devices that sometimes succeed and sometimes fail in catching fish—that nothing makes failure to catch edible fish more certain than success in catching dogfish. The dogfish eat the other fish, no doubt; but it is not the fish that they eat that makes the difference, but the fish that go away at their approach in order to avoid being eaten. The reason matters little. The effect is that the fishing is poor; and that appears to have been the effect of the visit of these shoals of sharks to our islands during the past summer. Unfortunately, though sharks eat fish that is, humanly speaking, edible, they are scarcely to be called edible themselves in the mouth of a man. Their appearance has a deal to do with the human distaste for them. It is impossible to have any relish for a fish with such a body and such a jaw.

The first match of Stoddart's team in Australia was as full of incidents as anyone could wish, and it was a great pity that so fine a beginning had such a weak ending. There was a widespread belief that time was nothing accounted of in the colony, but that teams went on playing cricket till a definite end was reached. But on this occasion four days were considered enough, at the end of which time the Englishmen hurried from Adelaide to Melbourne, in order to see the race for the Cup.

The game was remarkable for two great innings, Hill's and Ranjitsinhji's, of which the former seems to have been much the finer performance. Ranjitsinhji has in England almost as great a reputation for luck as for skill, and he is well sustaining the double reputation. To be missed three or four times, and to have your bail shaken in its socket, is a good deal for one innings; but, still, it is the great cricketers who get the luck, or at any rate make use of it. They play the ball perhaps more quickly, or not quite so straight to the men, or perhaps, in some cases, affect the field with nervousness. The bail business hardly admits explanation, but, in spite of all, the innings was a very great one for a man suffering from asthma and the sea, and he is much to be congratulated. Condolence must be offered to Stoddart and Druce, who, however, seem to be recovering rapidly, and the rumours that another cricketer, namely, Brown, was to be wired for from the Cape are all unfounded.

The number of spectators was said to be a record for Adelaide, a fact which increases our admiration for the pluck of Phillips in no-balling the Adelaide hero, Jones. The sensation must have been tremendous. There can be no doubt that want of courage has been the sole reason why other umpires have not taken the step before. Like Crosland, the old Lancashire bowler, Jones, when he was in England, indulged in deliberate throws now and then. His normal action was as fair as could be, but when things were going wrong, or he felt a prompting, he added unmistakably the little flick that makes the difference between throwing and bowling. Moreover, his throw was his most dangerous ball, for the reason that it produced an altogether unexpected change of pace, than which nothing in the bowler's art is more effective. The question will doubtless be much canvassed in Australia, in view of the coming test matches. It is fortunate that Phillips is both such a popular character and so often cited as a proverb of fairness. One other incident in connection with the match it is necessary to chronicle, though not pleasant. The elder Giffen, the colonial Grace, refused to play on account of insufficient remuneration. His abstention was as great a blow to his side as to his personal reputation.

London football is on the flood. Blackheath have justified anticipatory congratulations and scored a victory over Newport—the first for several years. The London Association team have outplayed the professionals from Sheffield, and the Corinthians were too fast for another professional team from the same quarter. The old tag will not longer be spoken in London with the same respect: "I know that man; he comes from Sheffield." It is pleasant to see London football advancing, but it is still pleasanter to note that London is the very centre of amateurism, and that professionalism has hardly made itself visible—as yet.

Blackheath owed their victory in the chief degree to the three old 'Varsity players, Robinson, Jacob, and Unwin. Robinson's pace and knowledge of the game retrieved the side again and again. Jacob at half was better than ever—indisputably the best player on the field; and Unwin, who went from half to his old place at full-back, where he first played for the Oxford fifteen, never failed to field the ball cleanly, and tackled with unerring dash. By his change of place the one gap in the excellence of the team has been filled. The Newport forwards began playing with enormous vigour, but they fell off, and the backs, with the exception of the old International, Pearson, seemed to have lost that old knack of quick low passing which Gould inaugurated. He was the making of the side, which has now surrendered chief place to Cardiff, who are said—even by Gould himself—to be the best team ever put together.

The Corinthians have seldom been stronger. The team bristled with Internationals, and so many of the side had played together in pairs before that the combination was excellent. Lodge and Oakley were, as usual, at back, and, judging from Saturday's play, should again get their International caps. F. M. Ingram, who played for Oxford—is it nine years ago?—was as energetic and clever as ever at centre-half; but on neither side was there anyone of quite the class of G. O. Smith. "As good as Cobbold used to be," someone from Cambridge said—but comparisons are difficult as well as odorous.

Lamentations over the weakness of the Cambridge Rugby team have been sadly misplaced. In the first match of the season the side was lamentable, but has advanced by bounds. After crushing the life out of several weak teams, they have at the last quite outplayed the great Richmond team. There is no doubt that the three-quarter line is immensely strong. Mackie and Pilkington were good last year, but they have both come on in pace. Cumberlege, though a trifle selfish, is a great scorer, and Carter, of Pembroke, who is now taking the wing, is sound, if not very brilliant. Further, Brydone has developed into a back with an altogether abnormal power of long kicking. Cambridge opinion, which delights to find cause of grumbling, complains of the weakness of the forwards, but the complaint is quite

absurd in face of this record. If they could not, at least, hold the scrum, it is a very poor time that their brilliant backs would be having.

Oxford, on the other hand, improve but slowly. They manage to win their matches—which is so far good—but only just win them. There is, besides, much inartistic fumbling and wild passing. They are the very counterpart of the Cambridge team, as their weakness lies almost entirely in the three-quarters. Still there are hopeful signs. The freshman, Luce, was given a trial against the Old Merchant Taylors, as we suggested last week, and scored a try. He has pace, and a useful power of swerving, but was at times manifestly young; but that is a weakness which he will recover from. Cambridge will want a lot of beating, but A. P. Smith, with himself and a fine lot of forwards to rely on, has a good chance of turning out a quite average team. The Association team is in great form; they are strong in every department, and the forwards are both exceptionally fast, and, for a 'Varsity team, strangely well together. Vassall has been especially brilliant, and is expected to get his International. At the same time that they were defeating the Caledonians Cambridge were getting six goals against the Old Westminsters, who were, however, by no means up to the strength of their reputation.

In Cambridge rowing circles much satisfaction is expressed at the postponement of the clinkers to the Easter term. It is clear that the step will give the trials a much longer period of connected practice. Dudley Ward makes a most energetic president, and all old disputes are past history. The only remnant of dissatisfaction is to be found in the pages of *Truth*, which, in an article ill-natured and offensive to all Cambridge sentiments, tries to stir up a fresh animosity against Mr. Trevor-Jones, who, whatever may be thought of his theories, at any rate yields to no one in patriotism to his University. The Hall have a four faster than ever, and much too good for its company. At Oxford the fours are hardly so advanced or good as usual. New College remain the best, but as yet are far below the New College that won last year's enthusiasm. It will be several weeks before the merits of the trial eights are disclosed.

The Border Union Coursing Meeting last week brought out sixteen ex-Waterlooers—exactly half the entry in the Netherby Cup. Of these, most interest was taken in the appearance of Five by Tricks, who, last February, ran up to Gallant, one of the most sensational winners of modern times. Mr. Harry Hardy's fawn dog got through his first round all right, but in the second he met the favourite, Mr. Tom Graham's Under the Globe, and went down. The Cumbrian dog, who won the Waterloo Plate last season, was slower from the slips, but, after allowing Five by Tricks to score the earlier points, he finished with a lot in hand, and became a stronger favourite than ever to win the stake outright. In the next round, however, he met Mr. J. Russel's Realism, a bitch that had already shown brilliant form, and against whom he failed to stand. All this time, Miss Meekly, also a second season bitch, owned by Mr. Alec Browne, a Northumberland recruit, had been gaining friends, and had bowled over in succession Whirlpool, Generalissimo, and Faber Fortunæ. She ran with great fire, and showed more than ordinary cleverness. In the semi-final, Wet Day and White Hawk, at one time in the same kennel, went down before the two bitches who ultimately divided the valuable stake. The puppy event also ended in a division, Mr. L. Pilkington taking two shares with Post Haste and Purse-bearer, and the Messrs. Fawcett the remaining one, with Fals of Faythe, a very smart bitch. Several minor meetings were also held last week, the most important being that of the Sully Club at Cardiff. This is now the only one remaining of a once enjoyable series held in South Wales.

The Bedale Hounds had an indifferent day's sport on Monday, when the meet was at Bedale Hall. Bedale Wood provided the first fox, but he was lost after a short run. Langthorne was blank, but Watlar's Old Whin held a fox, and a slow hunting run was the result. After losing this fox, hounds were taken back to Watlar's New Whin covert, which, however, proved blank, and a move was then made to Marriforth. Here a fox was viewed away, and afforded the field a gallop to Thornton Steward village, where he got to ground in an old drain, after which hounds were taken home.

At the annual general meeting of the Bedale Hounds on Monday, the Duke of Leeds took the chair. The subscription list is most satisfactory, and foxes are more plentiful in the Bedale country than they have been for many years. Major Dent, the master, is to be congratulated on his popularity in the district, which has secured this result.

Major Cowan, the North of Ireland cyclist who lately made himself famous by electing to go to gaol for a week rather than pay the 10s. imposed on him for riding his cycle on the footpath, has not done with the local authorities yet. It appears that he is very much dissatisfied with the manner in which the repairing of the country roads is done, and as he considers he does not get value for the taxes he pays, he has decided to refuse to pay his tax bill when next presented to him, and then let matters take their course. If Major Cowan's action be the means of ameliorating the state of the roads—especially for cyclists—he will be a public benefactor, and deserve the thanks of all wheel men and women.

Across in Ireland there seems to be some difficulty over the muzzling order. At last Rathkeale (County Limerick) Quarter Sessions the County Court judge reversed the decision of the magistrates at Abbeyfeale Petty Sessions fining Captain Harkness for having a setter dog on the public road without a muzzle. The captain had been out shooting, and was returning home when the police met him, and summoned him. The judge held that a sporting dog need not be muzzled while going to engage at or returning from the scene of sport. The County Court judge of Roscommon, however, in a similar case took a directly opposite view, and upheld the decision of the magistrates. Thus matters stand in a beautiful state of indecision, and the local magistracy are placed in an awkward position. In justice to "the great unpaid" the authorities should clearly indicate what is the exact meaning to be attached to the words of the muzzling order, and this can now be done by an appeal from the decision of the judge of the County Court.

The Yorkshire rivers are very low and clear, but grayling have been rising fairly well to the fly of late. Swimming the worm, a favourite lure of Yorkshire anglers, has not been productive of sport, and until we get a few sharp frosts the fly will prove the more deadly method. Foster's "bumble" is the most killing fly, one angler on the Yore getting a nice basket of fish on Saturday, all of which were taken on this fly. Grayling are plentiful in the Swale and in the upper reaches of the Yore.

HIPPIAS.

ON THE GREEN.

BRAID has again been the hero of recent professional golf. He was first at Rochford, with Taylor and Herd, equal seconds, in respectful attendance on him, and later, at the Ashdown Forest Meeting, he was equal first with his cousin, Douglas Rolland. The latter has not lately shown up in competitions, but he was in all his old powerful long game at Ashdown Forest. Braid played beautifully—all except the putting; but the putting on these quick and sloping greens seemed too difficult for all the competitors. Padgham, the young professional from Redhill, did extremely well in the first round, and led all the field with a score of 77. Rolland bettered this by a stroke in the afternoon, and Braid's afternoon round equalled it, but except for these two scores it remained untouched. In the second round Padgham failed to keep up his game, and Rowe, the local man, took third place, with 80 and 78. Braid was 78 and 77, Rolland 79 and 76. No doubt these scores might have been better, for the day was perfect, and Rowe's record for the green is 68. He had a round of 69 two days before the meeting, but the sloping greens, aggravating the anxiety of playing by score against a formidable field, must be taken as the excuse for figures not being lower. Though the wind was light, the bright sun was rather dazzling, and, perhaps, made good golf difficult. The green was in perfect order, and seemed to justify the claim that many have made for it, of being the best inland green in Great Britain. This is the most important competition that the Ashdown Forest Club has seen on its green, and it has every reason to be pleased at the very high opinion of its quality generally expressed by these professors. Perhaps the other most important competition this week, though it is a record a little post-dated, is that at a golf meeting held on the City of Benin green. It is due to Captain Carter, apparently, that Benin City has been subjected to the humanising influence of golf culture, and it was most appropriate that he should be the winner of the first competition held on the green of his devising. His winning score was 40 for the nine holes played; and perhaps nine holes in that climate are the full equivalent of eighteen in the East Neuk of Fife, where the winds blow off the North Sea.

Nearer home, and just across the Firth of Forth from that East Neuk, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers—magnificent title!—have been playing for their autumn medal on their course of Muirfield. The weather was damp and foggy, but it was not windy, and the conditions favoured good golf. Therefore better things might have been expected from Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville and Major David Kinloch than the 87 of the latter and the 88 that the former returned. Mr. C. L. Dalziel, a young golfer who has before this been a medal winner of the Honourable Company, was before them with 85—a good steady score—but the single really fine score of the meeting was that of Mr. A. R. Paterson, a golfer who has scarcely played up to his form in competitions, and is better known to the athletic world as a past president of the Oxford University Boat Club. His score was 81—a really good performance, which won him the medal with exceeding ease, for none but he was better than Mr. Dalziel's 85.

Despite the immense popularity of golf, there seemed quite a likelihood, not long ago, that one of the best greens in the neighbourhood of London would be given up—namely, the fine course at Raynes Park. Naturally there is now so much competition between the metropolitan greens that London golfers cannot play, and spend their money, on all of them, but it would have been a thousand pities if a course so really excellent—in fairly good weather—and so accessible as Raynes Park had perished of inanition. The spark of life seems to have revived in it with great vigour, and there is no longer a danger of those most cunningly guarded greens that are a feature of the course being lost to the golfing world.

COUNTRY HOMES: Battle Abbey.

AS you ascend the hill from the station at Battle, you pass, on the right, the Malfosse, or ditch, into which fell pursuer and pursued in the headlong rout from the hill. There the men who had stood by Harold turned upon their foe in that last fight of the Englishmen. A little further, and you are at the top of the hill, with the village on the right, and the fine Tudor gateway of Battle Abbey rising on the other hand. "*Dicitur a bello 'Bellum' locus hic,*" said the Roll of Battle Abbey. This is the place—call it what you will, in its earlier day, Hetheland, Telham Hill, or Senlac—to be evermore, therefore, known as Battle. The story of the great fight must not be told here. William had vowed, if God should grant him victory, that he would rear a great house, where priests should sing for the souls of the slain and in honour of the soldier St. Martin. The battle raged to and fro. Thrice, or oftener still, crying "*Dieu aide!*" the men of Duke William came on, to be hurled down the hill, with "Out, out! Holy Cross! God Almighty!" by the Saxons. Then stratagem won where force could not prevail. Feigned retreat drew the defenders from their entrenchments, and the swiftly-moving Normans encompassed them where they stood, and disorder spread through the ranks of the Englishmen when Eustace fell upon their rear.

But later descendants, liking better another place, lived chiefly at Cowdray. To that house, Duke William's sword and coronation robe, and the famous "Roll of Battle Abbey" were removed, and there perished in the great fire of 1793. Meanwhile, in 1717, the sixth Viscount Montague had sold Battle Abbey to Sir Thomas Webster, from whose family it passed, by purchase, to Lord Harry Vane, the late Duke of Cleveland, in 1857. From time to time considerable alterations had been made in the house, by the Montagues chiefly, and, three years after purchasing the abbey, the new proprietor added, from a design by Clutton, a very handsome dining-room and library, looking over the raised terrace which occupies the position of Sir Anthony Browne's banqueting hall.

The Tudor gatehouse is a most splendid feature of the house, and has few, if any, equals. Its double arch, beautiful arcade and windows, ornamental embattlement, octagonal turrets and wings, are exceedingly fine, and its grey and moss-grown stonework gives an extraordinarily picturesque aspect to the structure, which has a background and surroundings of noble trees. The dwelling-house is closely adjacent to the gateway, and the visitor, passing through the archway, and leaving behind him the hospitium, on the west side of the gate, is



Photo. by Poulton and Son,

THE GATEWAY.

Lee.

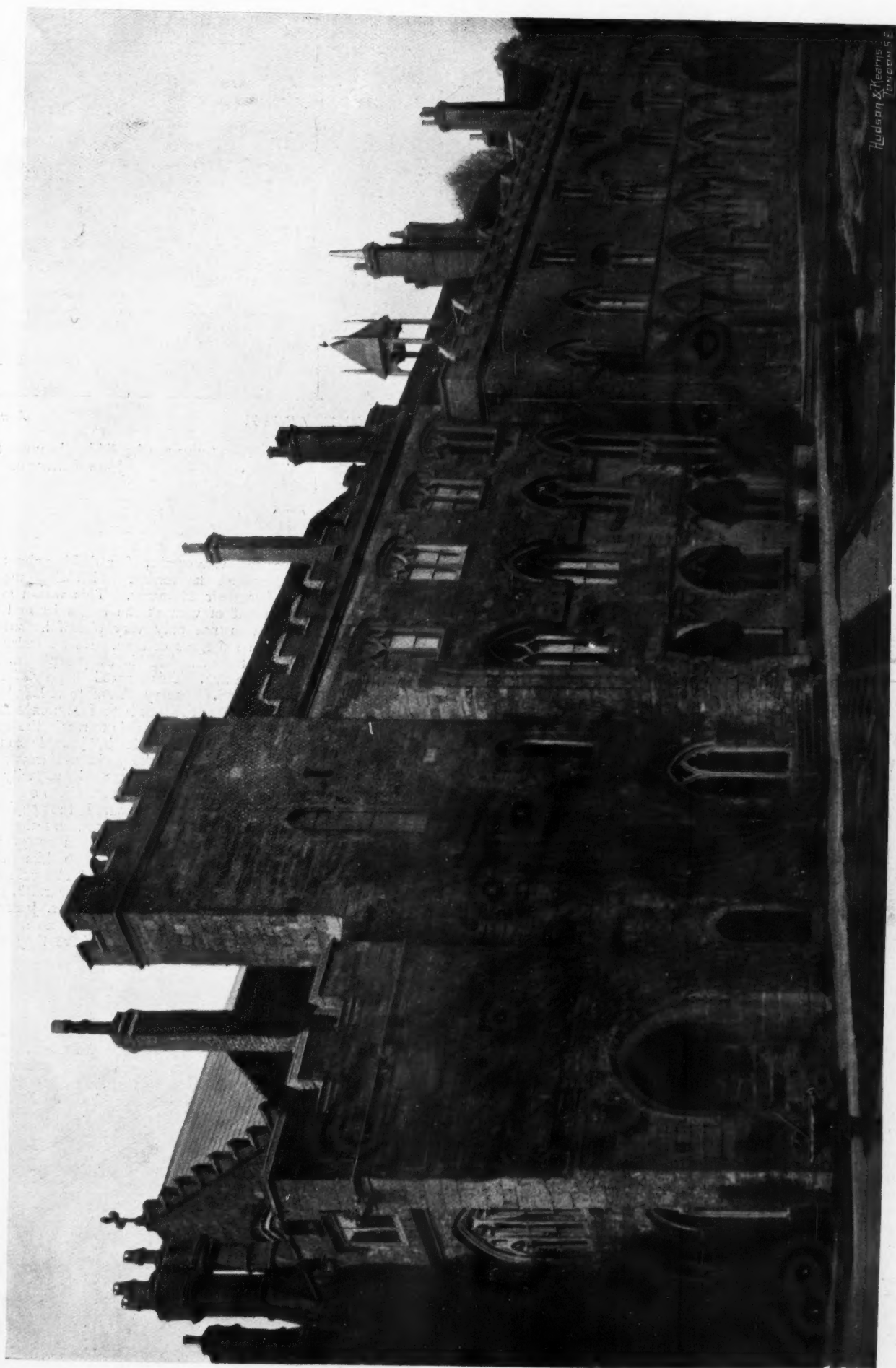
But the house-carls of Harold gathered round their King, and terrific was the struggle for the standard in which Harold received his death wound. To the end of the day, widely over the field, with angry shout, the battle raged that had begun with the song of Roland, but the place was marked out by the death of the English King for the high altar of the church which William was to raise.

It was a great and imposing structure, of which the building was entrusted to a Norman knight, who had become a monk in the Benedictine Abbey of Noirmoutier, and was presided over by an abbot, who enjoyed many privileges by concession from successive kings. Munificent benefactions made the abbey one of the wealthiest in the land, and many coveted the privileges and possessions it enjoyed. Previous to the Dissolution, one of the commissioners who did Henry's behest discovered the monastery of Battle to be "the worst that ever I see in all other places," and noted there especially "the blake sort of dyvellyshe monks." These were ousted, and Henry's Master of the Horse, Sir Anthony Browne—whose father-in-law, Sir John Gage, be it noted, had been a commissioner to procure the surrender of the abbey—received a grant of the house and site of the monastery. The place had been reduced to ruin, but the beautiful gatehouse remained, and Browne began a manor house on the site of the abbey, which embodied many features of its monastic predecessor. His additions consisted of the south wing and banqueting hall, and his work was completed by his son, Viscount Montague.

enchanted to find a most picturesque range of buildings facing a glorious garden. Here is the great and lofty hall, with a modern roof and adornments, and from it we enter what is sometimes described as the locutorium, or parlour, in which visitors were received by the monks. Here, we may be sure, have come many kings and men of fame who were received within the abbey walls. In the outer wall of the locutorium may be seen nine arches, which were part of the conventual cloister. Within, the chamber has pillars and a vaulted roof, and has received modern adornments as a drawing-room.

Somewhat further to the east lies the old refectory, at a short distance from the rest of the house, and upon the slope of the hill. It is a great buttressed chamber, which was originally 150ft. long, with fine lancet windows, and vaulted rooms below—of which one was probably the Scriptorium—but its roof is said to have been removed to Cowdray. These buildings indicate the position and character of the cloisters, and the abbey church, or rather its site, is approached by passing by fine limes and yews to its flower-bespangled area. The foundations were exposed in 1817, and the size and character of the structure and its apsidal termination, where stood the altar marking Harold's fall, can be made out plainly.

The surroundings of the abbey are very beautiful. The sloping ground opens out a fine prospect of the battlefield, and of the sea beyond, with Beachy Head in the distance. Magnificent trees grace the park, and the gardens are extremely choice.



COUNTRY HOMES: BATTLE ABBEY; THE SOUTH-EAST FRONT AND CLOISTERS.

Photo. by Peacock and Son,

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Nothing can be more delightful than to linger here on some fine summer's evening, when the cuckoo is calling from the hill and the cows are lowing on their homeward way. It is a chosen land of bluebell, primrose, and cowslip, and the old tree trunks are vested in grey-green moss, and with the stems of small-leaved ivy. With these placid surroundings the quaint old house and beautiful adornments of early times harmonise most fittingly. It is difficult to imagine the clang of battle in these sequestered precincts; but, looking over the hill to the country below, it becomes easy to understand why William set foot on land in Pevensey Bay, and why Harold, who could not forbid his landing, awaited for him in the strong position on the hill. The fight of Senlac is not forgotten at Battle, where a copy of the famous tapestry of Bayeux is sometimes unrolled before the visitor; and the Duchess of Cleveland, who is proud of this beautiful home, has done a great deal, in her "Battle Abbey Roll," to



Photo. by Valentine and Sons, Ltd.,

THE WEST FRONT.

Dundee.

elucidate the descents of the strangers who did battle upon the hill.
JOHN LEYLAND.

ARCTIC SPORT.

FRANZ JOSEF LAND, the headquarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition, was only discovered in 1874. The Austrian explorers who first landed there believed it to be a portion of the North Polar continent. One of Mr. Jackson's discoveries is that, instead of being part of the mainland, it is a large group of islands "crusted" together by



THE ICE-BEAR'S HOME.

ice. Consequently there is no evidence that the great peninsular of Greenland on one side of the Pole extends as ice-covered land to any corresponding distance towards West Siberia. But though not part of the mainland, the islands are so connected with the general mass of fixed ice fringing the Polar circle that it is accessible to all the wandering Arctic beasts. In Spitzbergen, though the reindeer are indigenous, the supply of bears and seals is renewed yearly by those which literally navigate their way to the island on the floating ice which descends from the North and besets the land every winter. But Franz Josef Land is a self-contained preserve of all the Arctic animals. It is the paradise of the Polar bear, and as the Polar bear's main food is the seal and the walrus, it follows that these are found in numbers proportioned to the bears which they provide with a living. There was some danger recently that all the circum-Polar islands north of Europe and Western Siberia would be "shot out," to use the phrase of the South African skin hunters, by Russians and Norwegians, who made expeditions there in small sailing ships every summer. These hunters made their earlier campaigns in Spitzbergen. There they nearly killed off the bears, seal, walrus, and reindeer, until there were not enough left to repay them commercially. At this point, most unfortunately for the Arctic fauna, they discovered that there was even more game on Novaya Zembyla.

For some years they loaded their boats with bears and seal skins, walrus fat and oil, and bears' meat from Novaya Zembyla, until the game became scarce there also. Then, in 1874, the Austrian

expedition under Payer and Wayprecht, after drifting about for nearly two years, discovered the region, which they named Franz Josef Land, after their Emperor. This was a great "find," both from the point of view of the naturalist and the explorer. The game was not only very plentiful, but in absolute ignorance of the existence of man. Bears, walruses, and foxes were almost as tame as when the early explorers first tried the voyage to the Kara Sea. This ensured a supply of fresh meat of a kind, and since its discovery Franz Josef Land has always been regarded as perhaps the best base for an expedition to the North Pole. That Nansen was able to reach the same point, returning on foot from "furthest North," is evidence that this is correct. Part of the object of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition was to survey this country and gauge its capacity for this purpose. Wooden houses, ready built, were taken out from Norway, and from the quarters so secured the explorers surveyed the country, mapped it, and took numbers of photographs of the scenery, and of the enormous glaciers which fill many of the valleys, and stand up like white walls where these join the margin of the sea. The cold was intense, for the Gulf Stream has spent its warmth, and scarcely comes in contact with the shore; but Mr. Jackson's crew had no reason to complain of scarcity of game. The islands are THE ICE-BEAR'S HOME. Everywhere they were very much in evidence during the summer, and not the least inclined to go to bed in the long night of the Arctic winter. Their habit of strolling about in the dark with fine appetites, and all the physical means of making a meal of a stranger, was, to say the least, embarrassing. So frequent were their visits that a terrier dog had to be kept fastened near the door of the



A VIEW FROM THE WINDOW.

house at Elmwood to give notice when a bear was about to "look in," just as one might be kept here to give warning of tramps. When the days became rather lighter the inmates often enjoyed A VIEW FROM THE WINDOW of a bear strolling round the house. They seem to have behaved exactly as the Polar bears did when the Dutch explorers first discovered Spitzbergen and tried to find the North-East Passage. They took the men, dressed in skins, for seals, or some such animal, evidently very slow and helpless, and marched up to examine and possibly eat them. So their visitors, with a camera in one hand and a gun at their side, took snap-shots with the first till the bear was almost up to them, and then put in a shot with the rifle to close the sitting. Sometimes the bears were allowed to come almost dangerously near, but the light was bad.

WALRUS SHOOTING was a necessary business, to provide food for the dogs, and, in case of need, for the crew. Our illustration shows Mr. Jackson in a birch bark canoe taking a shot at a walrus on the edge of an ice-floe, on July 8th, 1897. The portrait of the charming BABY WALRUS AT ELMWOOD was taken five days later. Its captors are shown looking with great anxiety at their orphan, for milk was a scarce commodity at Elmwood.

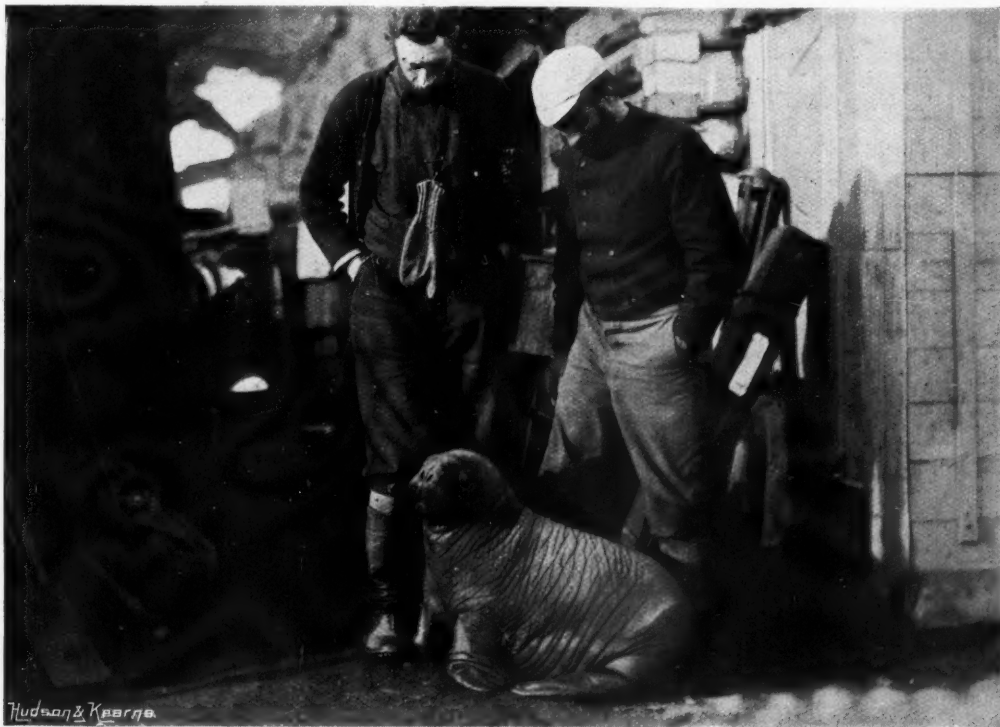


WALRUS SHOOTING.

The Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition had for its object serious exploration. No one would willingly face the six months of darkness and the desperate cold unless their object were serious. But there is little doubt that before many years have passed summer expeditions to Spitzbergen, and perhaps Novaya Zembyla, will form part of the regular holiday of Europeans eager for entire change of thought, fresh forms of sport, and air as pure as the Polar snows.

Indeed, it seems probable that the hardships of Arctic exploration have been the pioneers of Arctic pleasure voyages. Two large steamers left the port of London during the past summer for this adventure, and others were advertised as starting at frequent intervals from Norwegian ports to Spitzbergen. The absolute novelty of the surroundings obtainable in a voyage from Tilbury Dock to Spitzbergen is without parallel in so short a distance from England. The attraction of a region where the crepuscular skies of England can be exchanged for weeks beneath a never-setting sun shining on regions of everlasting ice, with the new plants and flowers of the Arctic summer, and the chance of sport with bears, reindeer, and walrus, is certain to draw the Englishman, like the Arctic birds, towards the Polar summer.

C. J. CORNISH.



BABY WALRUS AT ELMWOOD.

TOWN TOPICS.

"The Silver Key."

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S sprightly version from Dumas, "The Silver Key," was very thoroughly discussed on its production at Her Majesty's Theatre a short time ago, and there remains but little to be said at this time of day on its merits and demerits as a piece of construction, or on its interpretation, which has no demerits to speak of. Of gossamer texture, airy, elegant, and, more than all, interesting, the play is of that *risqué* tinge that renders it an amusing and harmless after-dinner entertainment for men and women of

the world, but not the most suitable for a family party. Everything is very tasteful and charming, there is not a suspicion of coarseness at any moment, but for the same reason that Daudet's "Sappho" is probably much more dangerous than Zola's "Nana," "The Silver Key" is not quite the piece for our daughters.

Mr. Grundy tells the story he has to tell with infinite tact and discretion. All its riskiness is glossed over by his skilful pen, and by the lightness of touch of his interpreters. The argument is light enough to entertain without calling for an exhausting exercise of the intellect, and the ear is continually tickled by sallies of wit and the play of badinage. The only

alteration in the comedy of any importance since first it was presented in London is the abolition of the last act, the action of which has been transferred to the third without detriment to the piece.

Mr. Tree resumes his delightful impersonation of the young Chevalier, conscienceless *roué* and general rascal, who is yet possessed of such a charm of manner and good nature that, in the words of another Chevalier, "you can't 'elp liking 'im." Mr. Tree gives to the character such a grace of demeanour, a buoyancy of spirit, and a smiling *insouciance*, that it is a pleasure to see him and to listen to him, irrespective of his relation to the plot. Miss Evelyn Millard, looking wonderfully handsome, as Mlle. de Belle Isle, plays with a sweet and natural dignity, an unaffected pathos, and a degree of spirituality that make her performance not only artistic and charming in itself, but provides an admirable foil to the frivolity and general shamelessness of the others that is of great value to the picture. Mrs. Tree and



Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Frembridge Crescent, W.

Mr. Lewis Waller, as the kind-hearted lady of easy conscience and the stern and hasty lover, respectively, leave no loophole for the minutest of critical shafts; indeed, the whole representation is without flaw or blemish.

"Katherine and Petruchio," Garrick's essence of "The Taming of the Shrew," is also given at Her Majesty's. Mr. Tree, as Petruchio, Mrs. Tree, as Katherine, rattle through the farce with infinite zeal and spirit, and are supported admirably by their companions. The whole programme at Mr. Tree's beautiful theatre is, indeed, merry and bright, and not too intellectual.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

AFTER much preliminary and thoroughly American *reclame*, with carefully administered paragraphical doses of stimulating tonic for playgoing curiosity, heralded by stories of Atlantic liners racing each other from America to be the first to land the "only original" and the "only genuine" Chinese play and players on our shores, the two Chinese tragedies and their interpreters duly arrived, and were met with an excitement that justified the

clever gentlemen who worked up the interest beforehand. The pieces and the actors are dubbed "Chinese" for brevity; as a matter of fact, all are American, though the stories deal with Chinese life in San Francisco, where "Chinatown" is a quarter by itself—a piece of the East transplanted to California. Both plays are adapted from a book by Mr. C. B. Fernald, who is also the author of the first version to be presented, "The Cat and the Cherub," at the Lyric Theatre. "The First Born," which followed at the Globe, is a dramatisation, by Mr. Francis Powers, of other incidents in the same book.

"The Cat and the Cherub," given for the first time at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday evening last, came, saw, and conquered. Occupying but fifty minutes in its telling, the story is a condensed tragedy of really remarkable power; it is horrible in parts, but it is truly dramatic and artistic, and the vociferous enthusiasm with which it was greeted by the audience seems to prove that London is glad of a real novelty, a weird, strange, enthralling novelty, and will give to it the support it deserves.

The picture of Chinese life appears to have *vraisemblance* and truth to Nature. It is all so quiet, so stolid, yet so terribly earnest and matter-of-fact. The story of jealousy and murder, of keepers of opium dens, of aristocratic old native doctors, of wealthy merchants, of love and lovers, is told with a restrained power, and acted with a calm force that grips the attention and holds it fast. The many quaint touches, the curiously simple language, would have been dangerous to a strange audience had not the tragedy been so grimly powerful and artistic. The last scene is horribly fascinating. Chim Fang, the villainous keeper of the opium den, has killed the son of the old doctor. The doctor, Wing Shee, hiding his knowledge as to the murderer, draws Chim Fang into conversation. Then he fells him with a hatchet, and quietly, without the least hurry or excitement, winds the dying man's pigtail round his throat, and calmly, remorselessly, throttles the life out of him. A policeman comes by, Wing Shee props up the corpse into a natural position, lights a cigar, and carries on with him an easy and natural conversation. The policeman passes by, the doctor saunters off, the corpse slides from the seat and falls with a thud to the floor. The dismal foghorns of the ships in the harbour are all that is heard, and the curtain falls. The effect is ghastly, but intensely thrilling, and it was received with tremendous applause from a pained but excited and enthusiastic house.

The play is splendidly acted. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, as the doctor, Mr. Richard Ganthony, as Chim Fang, and the rest, brought a new atmosphere to the stage, and made an impression that will not readily be forgotten. Nor will the picture of the dear little "Cherub," holding always his kitten in his arms, easily fade from memory.

The dramatisation of "The Little Minister" is due at the Haymarket this (Saturday) evening, and no theatrical event has caused more interest for months. Its first production in America has been of considerable value to the management here, for it showed two faults, which, they think, will be remedied when the play is presented to a London audience. In the first place, it was found that in the stage work several points were not made quite clear to those who had not read the novel, and that the character of the heroine—beautifully played in New York by Miss Maud Adams—overshadowed too greatly the rest of the people of the drama: an undesirable consummation, due chiefly to the prevalence in America of the "star" system, by which all else is made subservient to the part played by the leading member of the company. A curious fact in connection with the representation of the piece at the Haymarket is that all the characters, save two, are Scotch, and those two exceptions are played by real Scotsmen.

That Mr. John Hare has secured the lease of the Globe Theatre is good news, especially as his tenancy is to be no merely ephemeral one, but is to be permanent. Mr. Hare's proper place is in London, although the capital has not treated him too kindly in the past. The Globe has not the prestige of the St. James's, or even of the Garrick, but, thoroughly renovated and rendered "up to date," it will very likely become quite a fashionable theatre under the direction of so popular an actor.

"La Fille du Tambour Major," the revival of which was mentioned in this column last week, will follow "The Scarlet Feather" at the Shaftesbury Theatre whenever a successor is required.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will also be seen in the West End of London early next year.

IF 1897 has been a record year in many respects, the Lord Mayor has certainly been the right man in the right place. There are few who could have so well and efficiently carried out the duties of so high an office as the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir George Faudel Phillips, and he is a difficult man to follow. But still his successor is one of the best, and, probably, in the City of London there is no one better qualified to follow the good example of our present chief magistrate than Alderman Colonel Davies, M.P., on whom the choice of the Livery has fallen.

The Conference of Women Workers at Croydon was a very crowded one, and business was despatched in a remarkable manner, speeches for the most part being limited to five minutes, sometimes less, a bell ringing when all but sixty seconds of the allotted time had expired. Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Bishop of London, was an admirable president. Her successor is to be Mrs. Alfred Booth, an American lady. Pauper orphans, who owe much to lady Guardians, occupied the attention of the Conference, and temperance (or, more correctly,



Photo. by A. Ellis,

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

Upper Baker Street, W.



Photo. A. Ellis, MR. BEERBOHM TREE. Upper Baker St.

total abstinence), teachers' training, prison life of women and children, the better organisation of the nursing profession, "The Pain of the World and How to Bear It," were also among the subjects discussed.

Lady Frederick Cavendish read a practical paper on the "Dangers of the Luxury of Modern Life," in which she deprecated making afternoon tea into a substantial meal, advocated moderation in dress, and foresaw a great social danger in the growing reluctance to marry without having an income large enough to cover luxuries as well as necessities. Lady Frederick recommended young men and young women to "test the strength of their affection for each other by facing the possibility of life without champagne, horses, men servants, high play and up-to-date Society, excesses in millinery, flowers, tobacco, furniture, and entertainments." But what if the test should fail?

Mr. Jackson, the Arctic explorer, is to lecture on the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition at the London University next Monday evening. On the 16th inst. Lord Salisbury is to address a mass meeting, under the auspices of the National

Union, at the Albert Hall. On the 18th the annual festival of the London Church Choir Association takes place at St. Paul's Cathedral. At the Royal Geographical Society Dr. Sven Hedin will lecture on "Exploration in Central Asia" on Monday evening, the 22nd inst. The London School Board election will make the following Thursday a busy day. Hurst Park November Meeting is fixed for the 27th, and Newmarket Steeplechases for the 30th. The month has its work fully cut out for it, so far as the metropolis is concerned. It opened with brilliant sunshine, but, to balance that kindness, it had sent on an instalment of its fogs in advance.

The crowds who go to see the Queen's Jubilee presents at the Imperial Institute must wonder why a long, narrow corridor should have been chosen for the exhibition when there are very large rooms available on the first floor. The crowding and pushing are so great that many come away, after having paid for admittance, refusing to face the inconveniences and disagreeables inseparable from the assemblage of so many persons in so limited a space.

Although the gaieties of the week are postponed, it was not thought unfitting to offer a tribute of affection to the memory of a generous and warm-hearted man; and the unveiling of the drinking fountain erected in the immediate neighbourhood of Sir Augustus Harris's labours was performed on Monday afternoon, among signs of sympathetic respect and good feeling, by Sir George Faudel Phillips, Lord Mayor of London. The memorial, erected outside Drury Lane Theatre, is built of red granite and Mansfield stone, with bronze enrichments; the base is of polished Norwegian granite on a Sicilian marble stand. The water supply is the free gift of the New River Company, and is delivered by a lion's head into a circular basin. Above the basin and the Norwegian granite base is a panel illustrative of dramatic art, having figures carrying masks, and above this panel rises a classic pediment, supported by two polished granite columns, having drums at the base with musical instruments, in bronze, carved on them, while the capitals of the columns are also bronze. Under the pediment—which has tragedy and comedy masks, and a central lyre on the acroteria blocks—is a niche containing a bust of the late Sir Augustus Harris, beautifully modelled and worked in bronze by Mr. T. Brock, R.A.—a truly life-like portrait. Above the bust is a frieze round his crest, and beneath it, in a panel, the inscription in bronze, "Augustus Harris." The whole work was designed by the Hon. Architect Mr. Sidney R. T. Smith, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I. The design was previously submitted, before execution, to the patron of the fund, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who expressed his approval of it. Out of the £2,678 subscribed, £1,000 was voted for this memorial; £1,000 was given to the Charing Cross Hospital for the endowment of a bed for members of the dramatic, musical, and music hall profession; and £500 has been given to the Victoria Hospital for Children, as endowment of a cot there. The Lord Mayor made an excellent speech after unveiling the memorial, in which he alluded to Sir Augustus Harris's untiring efforts in the cause of public amusement, and reminded those present of the sound principle he displayed in choice of dramas that could in no way lower the public taste, nor offend the most fastidious.

Sufferers from the "Liberator" frauds will be interested in the glimpse of Jabez Balfour and his old friend Hobbs given by a writer in the *Globe*, who paid a recent visit to Portland Prison. There is a rule, it seems, and a very humane one, in Her Majesty's prisons, that no prisoner shall be pointed out to any visitor, but there are strategic ways of avoiding any open method of indication, and yet making the desired information pretty clear. In this way the visitor was shown Wells, the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo, quietly pursuing the business of bookbinding. A squat figure at work in a quarry turned out to be Jabez Balfour, who ruined so many lives. He has lost his huge overplus of flesh. At the other end of the prison estate was Hobbs—"Ansone 'Obbs," as he was once called, from a favourite phrase of his about "doing things 'ansome."

RACING NOTES.

LAST week's Houghton Meeting will always be memorable in the annals of racing, bristling as it was with great handicaps, interesting two year old races, exciting finishes, and unexpected results. Conspicuous among the last was the extraordinary victory of the half-trained Hawfinch in the

Dewhurst Plate. After the style in which Dieudonné had galloped away from such as Orzil, Disraeli, Wildfowler, Florio Rubattino, and the Jenny Howlet colt in the Middle Park Plate, and Ninus had subsequently beaten Nun Nicer, Disraeli, and Orzil at Sandown Park, they were generally looked upon as the two swells of next year's Derby candidates, as far as we know about the likely runners for the Epsom race up to now.

Yet they were both beaten by a raw, half-trained baby of a horse, who was utterly ignorant of his business, and looked more inclined to lie down than win a race, as he went to the post. It is true that this race makes him out no better than Ninus or Dieudonné at even weights, but, on the other hand, whereas they were thoroughly experienced hands, and as fit as they will ever be, he was neither one nor the other, and there are almost incalculable possibilities of improvement in him. Anyone who looked at him could see that he was only half-trained, and as green as grass, whilst, according to John Porter, he had only cantered about with the yearlings since he was amiss in the summer, and had never had a real gallop till his race of Thursday last.

Another juvenile winner from Kingsclere was Batt, who ran very badly in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, when heavily backed. He was doubt-



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

GALTEE MORE.

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less at that time sickening for the fever which attacked him two days later on, and he made amends for it by winning the Criterion Stakes and the Houghton Stakes last week.

Another two year old winner of the week was La Flèche's first foal, La Veine, who is barely 14h. 2in. in height even now. However, like her dam, she is all fire and use, and it is a pity that she will never be big enough to be the credit to her sire, Morion, that she in all probability otherwise would be. The Free Handicap for two year olds, run on Friday, was won by Meta II., an American-bred filly, by Sensation out of Magnetic, who got up and beat Jeddah by a head in a well-timed finish on the part of Sloane, after the son of Janissary and Pilgrimage had looked all over a winner. Nun Nicer started favourite, but she showed no dash, and finished the absolute last.

When Mr. J. R. Keene's Foxhall beat Lucy Glitters by a head for the Cambridgeshire of 1881 there were many people who swore that Mr. Perkins's filly had won. Oddly enough, when the same gentleman's St. Cloud II. was beaten by the same distance in the same race last week there were plenty of onlookers who declared that the American colt had finished first. That he ought to have done so is quite possible, though it is hardly likely that he really did.

I never fancied Galtee More, because, although he had always done all that

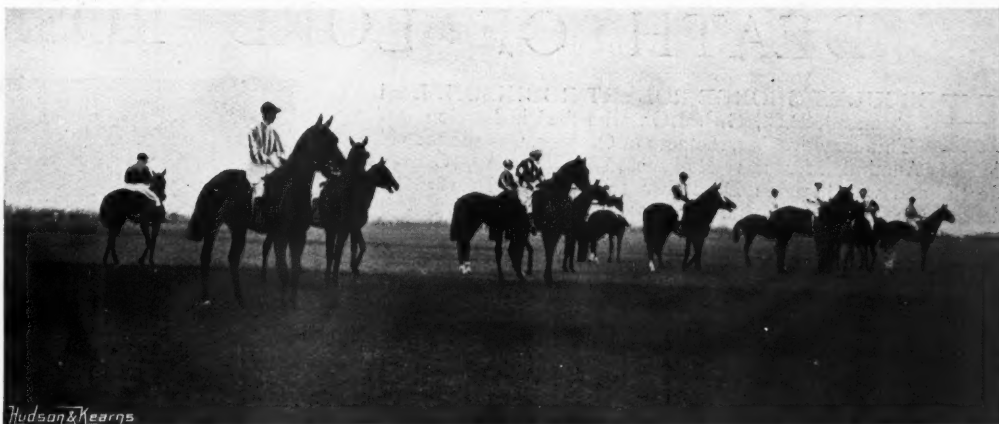


Photo. by W. A. Rouch. AT THE POST FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

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was asked of him, he had never been set a big ask, and had never beaten any but what are unquestionably only moderate animals of his own age.

General Peace, who finished close up, fifth, should win a race soon, especially as he can be made a little better than he was last week. Maluma, who ran sixth, disappointed me, but she is probably not yet the mare she was in Australia, or she would not have been beaten by five three year olds, all giving her two years, and three of them some weight besides.

She was tried to be 21lb. in front of Brayhead; and taking a line through the latter's running with Sandia, in the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap on Friday, that was evidently not quite good enough. However, she is coming on fast, and will win a nice race some day.

The weight-for-age three year olds of 1897 are a terribly moderate lot, but the result of the Cambridgeshire seems to show that the handicap horses of that age are not so bad, especially when such four year olds as Bradwardine, Balsamo, Gulistan, Bay Ronald, and Yorker were never in the hunt with them. It may be that most of these old horses are unreliable, and the latter is certainly a thief.

Sandia's narrow defeat on Wednesday showed him to have a great chance for the Old Cambridgeshire, on the last day of the Meeting, and the American gelding consequently started a hot favourite at 6 to 4. He was only opposed by Keenan, Yorker, Balsamo, Brayhead, and La Sagesse. Of these the two first-named now never give their running and are no use, but Balsamo ran better than he did in the Cambridgeshire, and finished second, with Brayhead third. What with Sandia, Quibble II., winner of the Maiden Plate, St. Cloud II., the Old Nursery winner, Jiffy II., Diakka, who took the Subscription Stakes, and Meta II., American horses may fairly be said to have had a great week.

There are no more enjoyable meetings in all England than those at Hurst Park, and certainly the comforts and conveniences of that ably-managed resort are never more appreciated than they are after a week at Newmarket. Sport, too, was good on Saturday last, and the weather being more suggestive of July than the closing days of October, a large attendance was the result. It was a happy idea to have a mile and a-half race started by the machine, so that it was in full view of the stands. Undoubtedly it was a great success, and no impartial person who saw its trial last Saturday can ever again disbelieve in it. The worst of it is, there are so few impartial persons in this world. Of the thirteen starters for the Vauxhall Selling Plate, eleven were absolute novices, and had never seen the machine before, and yet they evinced no dislike to it, and gave no trouble at the post. Two or three minutes sufficed to marshal them in line, Mr. Coventry pulled the lever, and away they went. There was no trouble, no delay, no breaking away, and when the barrier flew up, although so many of them had never had a similar experience before, not a single horse hung back.

OUTPOST.



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LAVENO

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COMFREY.

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DEATH OF LORD ROSMEAD.

HERCULES GEORGE ROBERT ROBINSON, Lord Rosmead, P.C., G.C.M.G., who died in London last Thursday evening, the 28th of October, was the second son of Admiral Hercules Robinson, of Rosmead, County Meath, and was born on December 19th, 1824. In 1846 he married the Hon. Nea Arthur Ada Rose d'Amour Annesley, fifth daughter of the tenth Viscount Valentia, and, retiring from the Army, entered the Civil Service, being employed in various capacities in Ireland until 1852. In 1854 he was appointed President of Montserrat; Lieutenant-Governor of St. Kitts, in 1856; Governor of Hong Kong, 1859; and then Ceylon a few years later. His next post was that of Governor of New South Wales, 1872; of New Zealand, 1879; and in 1881 he became Governor of Cape Colony and British High Commissioner for South Africa. He was knighted in 1859, K.C.M.G. in 1869, and G.C.M.G. in 1874, for his service at the annexation of the Fiji Islands. He was sworn of the Privy Council in 1883, created a Baronet in February, 1891, and raised to the peerage as Baron Rosmead in 1896.

Lord Rosmead was also a thorough sportsman, and owned various thoroughbreds during the seven years of his governorship of New South Wales, winning some good races, notably the A.J.C. Derby of the season of 1874, and the A.J.C. Leger of 1875, by means of Kingsborough, by Kingston. The discrepancy in the dates is explained by the fact that the Australian racing season commences in August, hence Kingsborough's winning the Derby one year and the Leger in apparently the year following. Kingsborough also won the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes over six furlongs in 1874, as well as the A.J.C. Sire Produce Stakes, and he was, no doubt, a very good animal at all distances. Other winners of good races for the "white jacket, crimson spots and cap"—the racing colours of Sir Hercules Robinson in New South Wales—can be named in Habena, by Yattendon, who took the Maribynong Plate—five furlongs—in a field of twenty-one runners, and Hyperion, a son of Lord of Linne, with whom he won the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes in 1875, the season after Kingsborough's victory in the same event. In 1884, Sir Hercules Robinson was elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club.



Elliott and Fry, THE LATE LORD ROSMEAD. Baker Street.

From the Temple to the Winning-Post.

SITTING one morning in my chambers in the Temple, having exhausted the entrancing columns of the *Sporting Life*, and listened in vain for the knock that was to announce the arrival of long-deferred briefs, I turned to my friend Blundersby, who is not by any means a sporting man, and said: "What on earth shall we do, Jack, this jolly morning?" "Do?" he replied with a yawn. "Why, look here, the 27th Hussars, your governor's old regiment, have some chases at Newbury to-day—let's go." And so, go we did; twenty minutes saw us seated in the train, in company with four very sporting individuals.

From their mystic conversation we gathered there would be at least four winners of the next Two Thousand; we knew six horses who would all be in the first three in the Chester Cup; that for three mares the Oaks was only a matter of health, and several equally good things of a like cock-sure nature for the day's chasing that we were on our way to witness. Our journey thus pleasantly got over, a walk of about a mile brought us to the course. Acknowledging my superior knowledge of what ought to be done at a race meeting, Blundersby agreed to do as I did. The first race, the Regimental Cup, was just coming off. We proceeded to the second fence—the brook which I had *en route* spotted as a nasty place.

We had hardly taken up our positions when a trumpet used here in lieu of a bell sounded, and, after the usual delay that seems inseparable from all amateur proceedings, six competitors appeared. Most were in red or pink, except one in all black, who, mounted on a big raking chestnut, looked more business-like than the rest. They all cantered down to have a look at the brook, during which inspection I noticed a good-looking brown mare, whose rider, if he was not nervous, appeared to doubt the water-jumping powers of his mount. Turning to Jack I said: "I think it is a very good thing to let a horse see what he has to do, but it spoils the show if you keep your hands and his head up as if he was going to jump it without notice. I fancy my friend yonder will come to grief here."

The flag was dropped to a good start. They all got well over the first fence, and came down in a cluster to the brook, the big chestnut with the lead, and he jumped it magnificently. Next to us was the brown mare, who, being irresolutely handled, jumped short and rolled over on her back. I caught her bridle,

and, seeing her jockey scrambling out the wrong side, the impulse of the moment seized me. In a second I was in the saddle, over the next fence, and in pursuit of the chestnut, who had a long lead. Finding the mare going well within herself, and steadied rather than shaken by her fall, I went on full of confidence.

Three fences, including a nasty double, at which the chestnut nearly came to grief, were successfully negotiated. Across a large grass field I saw the next fence was a bank with some growers on the top; this the chestnut attempted to fly, caught his feet, and came on to his head. My mare, or rather the one I was riding, struck back at the fence as clever as a cat, and I found myself crossing the next field in company with the only two others visible in the race. On arriving in what I thought was the last field but one, and finding the mare was going well within herself, I went up, and carried on the running to the last fence. Much to my astonishment I was here joined by the chestnut, whose rider had apparently made up his lost ground at a greater sacrifice of his own than his horse's wind. Over the last fence we went abreast, and my opponent at once set to to finish. I would have done the same, but, having neither whip or spur, was constrained to sit still. Judge then my astonishment to find the chestnut coming, foot by foot, back to me, and the mare, running as game as a pebble, answering the kicks of my spurless heels, to bear me first past the post—a winner by a good half-length.

I pulled up as soon as possible, and returning past the box, a well got up groom came and took the mare's bridle, saying, "Well done! Master will be so glad. I know he's backed her for a lot," thinking, I suppose, that I was going to jump off and weigh in. Instead of which I jumped off, slipped under the mare's neck, and disappeared in the crowd, knowing the owner could not get the stakes, as I neither belonged to the regiment, nor could I draw the weight.

Unfortunately my racing career was not over yet, for as I was standing with my friend in a secluded part of a refreshment tent I was accosted by a sporting-looking farmer.

"Can I have a word with you, sir?" he said.

Thinking he might be connected in some way with the owner of the brown mare, I felt rather inclined to get out of his way; but, seeing his earnest manner, I joined him.



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COLT BY BEND OR—JENNY HOWLET.

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"Excuse me, sir, but I have got a nicish mare called Props, 'cause she has such good legs, going for this 'ere hunt race. Now, sir, my boy Bill were a going to ride her, but he aint much up to it, and seeing you win so fine, says I, 'I'll ax 'im to ride for me,' and so I make so bold as to ax you if you would, sir?"

"But I've got no things," I, in an evil moment, said, instead of refusing outright.

"Never mind about things," said he, "Bill's breeches will fit you, sir, if so be you don't mind wearing of 'em; and the colours is big enough for anyone."

I looked at Blundersby, and he said, "Oh, yes, you won

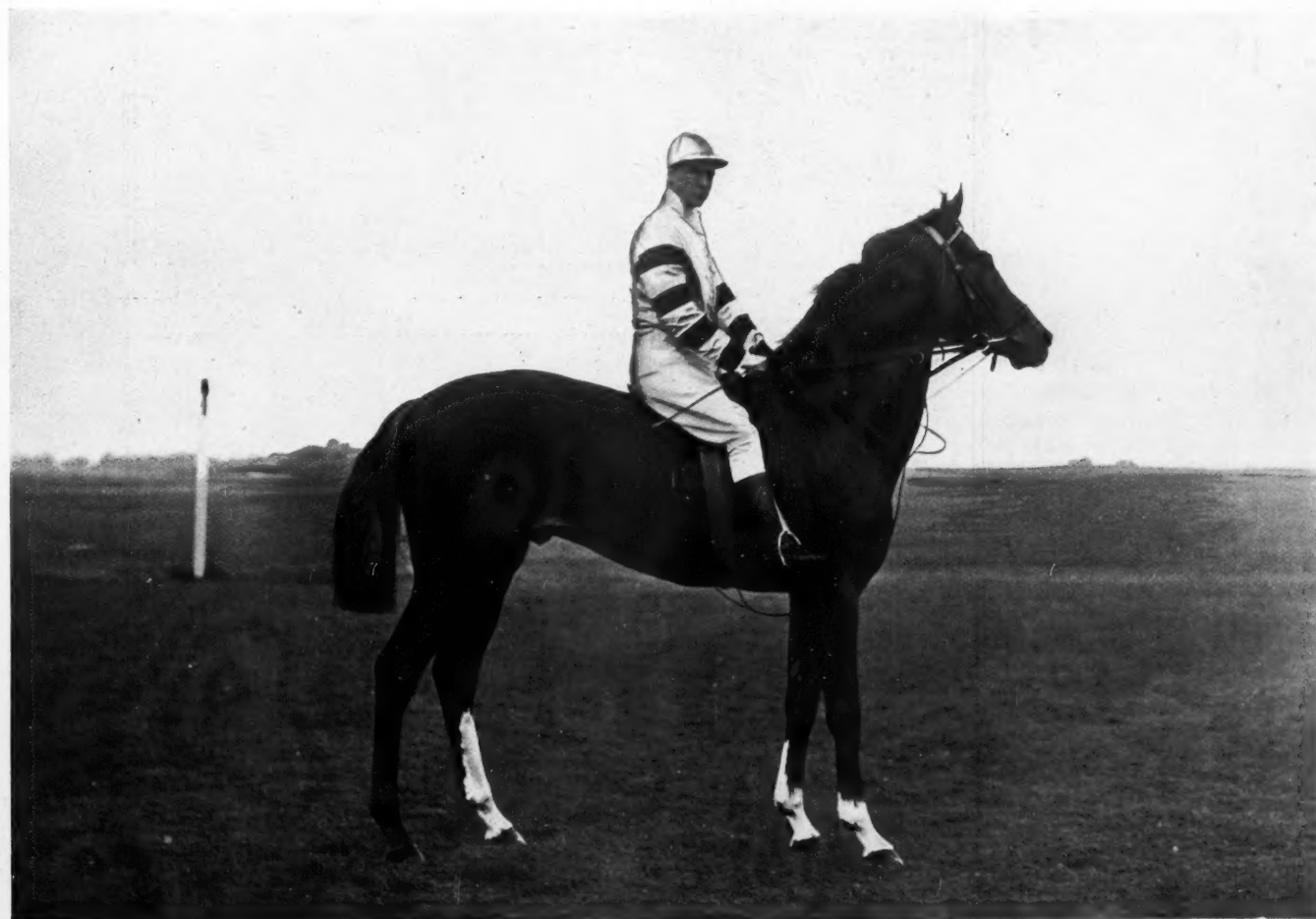


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ORZIL.

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just now when no one wanted you to, now see what you can do when someone does."

His words rather riled me, so I said, "All right, let's go and see about the colours and breeches." Entering the dressing tent, the custody of which was entrusted to a very seedy-looking individual, we found the boy Bill, got up in gorgeous array, and in a very considerable state of funk.

"Take off them things," said the governor, which order Bill obeyed with an alacrity worthy of a better cause. Ten minutes found me arrayed in a very bad pair of tops and breeches, and a resplendent blue and white jacket, made doubtless by the fair fingers of one of the family Bill was on this occasion to represent. Leaving my clothes in the tent, and having gone through the required preliminaries, we proceeded to the field where Props was being led about. She was a little wiry chestnut mare, with very doubtful forelegs, and, as I could see by the cock of the ears and liberal display of white of the eye, by no means doubtful temper.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought I, and in due time, after I had cantered the mare, which performance she went through as if she was running from the distance-post for the Oaks, I found myself at the post with eight others. We got off to a bad start, two getting a lead of ten lengths, whilst one had his head the wrong way. However, off went my mount in a way that showed me she had been at the game

before. Forty miles an hour she went up to the first fence, then stopped and coolly jumped it standing; on landing she started at the same pace for the brook. When she arrived there she again stopped and took a sight. An application of the spurs caused her to jump, not over, but into the middle, and a stirrup leather breaking at the same moment, I got wet. On scrambling out, I had the satisfaction of seeing the rest well across the next field, and Props calmly wading down the brook drinking as she went. Wet through, I, accompanied by a no means sympathising crowd, proceeded, not without opposition from the police, to cross the course and change my clothes in the tent. On my arrival there I found neither the seedy individual in charge nor my clothes. Long and vainly I waited and swore; with many regrets from the farmer, and a further spoliation of Bill's wardrobe, I had to return to town as best I could. I caught a cold, and the next morning, whilst lying in bed without any voice to boast of, or speak with, my cousin's clerk called with two briefs. He said they wanted attending to at Chambers at once, and if I couldn't go he was to take them back directly, which he did, and, I have no doubt, told my cousin I was in bed, and had had a near squeak of D.T. The only good I got from the day's adventures was a maxim, or rather two, which were to the following effect:—"Never ride another man's horse in a steeplechase, and never give up hopes of getting a brief."

BLUE BAG.

Cub-Hunting on the Cotswolds.

"ON Monday next the Cotswold Hounds will meet for cub-hunting at Teddington Cross Roads; time, 8 a.m."

So ran—in a Cheltenham paper—the announcement which tempted the writer to venture forth to see what could be seen of a day's cubbing, proceeding partly on a bicycle and partly on foot.

Monday morning at day-break was none too attractive for early rising; it felt more like November than September. The air was raw and cold, and out of doors it was more than half inclined to be a fog. Who is there who has not gone through the struggle which takes place in getting up at some unusual and unearthly hour on such a morning? What plausible excuses to procrastinate suggest themselves! How much better the weather would probably be on some later day for the accomplishing of what we have in view, or how ten minutes more in bed could not possibly make us too late, and such-like vain delusions.

The Promenade looked strange and deserted as we wheeled along it on our way through the town, and along the Evesham Road, leading to Teddington, a village lying at the foot of the Cotswold Hills. It was still very thick, and in places quite a fog, and a nasty damp one at that, making the idea of using a camera carried for the purpose of obtaining the accompanying illustrations seem the very height of absurdity. However, it was yet early, and at this time of year first appearances of the morning are frequently deceptive, and there was no telling how quickly the scene might be changed when the sun rose well above the Cotswolds.

At Cleeve the road passed the now practically abandoned Cheltenham race-course; the grand stand and judge's box



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A FOGGY MORNING.

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AT THE CROSS ROADS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

looking in the grey light dilapidated and forlorn. In imagination one went back to the palmy days of Cheltenham Races in the early part of the century, when they were held on the table-land at the top of Cleeve Hill and attracted the *élite*—human and equine—of "the West Countree." Their history may be summed up as prosperity, decline, and fall.

They were discontinued on Cleeve Hill, and for some years renewed in the shape of steeplechases, at Prestbury—Fred Archer's home—finally being moved to Cleeve, where they fell upon evil times and came to an end.

Within a mile or two of the trysting-place of the hunt we overtook the hounds quietly jogging along, and a very pretty picture they made as we gradually came in sight of them through the mist, which, by this time, the sun was beginning to dispel, the autumn-tinted hedges on either side adding not a little to the general effect.

The assemblage at the meet was not a large one, but, for all that, included several of the fair sex. In due course the hounds were trotted to covert, on which we left our bicycles at a farm and followed on foot.

There were reported to be plenty of cubs in the neighbourhood, and before the hounds had been long in cover they gave tongue with no uncertain note. It soon became evident that there were at least two foxes on the move, for in



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DRAWING THE FURZE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

one direction the hounds were running a cub hard, and in another there was a loud holloaing where a second had broken cover.

It was turning out a perfect autumn day, the sun, hand over hand, getting the better of the fog, first of all on the tops of the hills, and, as it were, driving it into a corner at the bottoms of the valleys. The effect when the sunlit tops of the hills just show through the white fog is very curious; for they have something of the appearance of islands floating in the sky. What pretty country it is, too, in this neighbourhood, where the Cotswolds seem broken up as they descend into the wide Severn valley! But

these picturesque slopes, pleasant though they be to gaze upon, entail precious hard work when it comes to running up and down them for any length of time. At least I and my companions arrived at that conclusion when the hounds, having been kept more or less in view for some hours, finally ran a fox into some large woods in a direction away from Cheltenham.

Under the circumstances it seemed a fitting time to make a move for home. A long tramp brought us once more to the farm where our bicycles had been stabled, and an hour's spin on an excellent road wound up the day's excursion—a most enjoyable one imaginable, and one that engendered an appetite calculated to excite the envy of a ploughboy. AGRESTIS.



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WAITING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Hockey in Richmond Park.

A REMARKABLE sign of the times is the increased interest taken each year in such games as hockey and lacrosse. Although neither pastime is likely to seriously affect football, at any rate for many years to come, so far as the attraction of huge "gates" is concerned, yet the ever-increasing influence of professionalism in the older and more national sport must necessarily drive many amateurs to other amusements. The natural tendency of the rise of the professional is to decrease the possibility of the amateur making way in public estimation and getting a thorough sporting game, and, although the Rugby game may still be considered fairly safe in the South, in other districts amateur clubs have lost much of their favour, and some have a hard struggle for existence.

Hockey and lacrosse are fortunately still played entirely for the sport they provide, without any of the gate-money interest which characterises football, and have much in common. Both have had harder struggles for success than the inherent good points of the games deserve, for in the matter of skill neither

is inferior to football, and each gives ample opportunity for the quick use of eye and hand, and the bringing forth of every good sporting quality in a man. Their pioneers have had to endure much ridicule, as is natural when a new game is introduced, but they can now afford to despise anything of the sort, as their position is decidedly strong—never more so, in fact, than at the start of the present season.

Of the two games, hockey is still more generally played, principally because the rudiments are more easily mastered, although to reach the front rank as long and patient practice is necessary as in lacrosse, while hockey comes fairly naturally to the cricketer; in fact, to the ordinary observer the remarkable feature of the game appears in watching a first-class team to be the perfect batting fashion in which the sticks are used. It is useless to judge hockey from the ordinary display of two inferior teams, but the fine combination, clockwork precision of passing, and the handling of sticks as if they were almost parts of the bodies, shown by, this season, such a team as Bromley,

marks the game as a most skilful one, and makes its comparative lack of attraction to spectators really remarkable.

So far as results have gone in the South this season, there seems to be a very general levelling up in the merit of many of the leading clubs, and this must add considerably to the interest in inter-club matches. Hockey players still abstain from the temptations of cup competitions, considering the provision of trophies for winning teams as rather detrimental to the best interests of the game. Whether this is so is, of course, a matter of opinion, but from the careful way in which scores were recorded last season, and clubs split up into divisions in the records published of the fight for championship honours, it is hardly obvious why some little trophy in the nature of a cup or shield should not bear a perpetual acknowledgment of the prowess of the champions each season.



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IN THE THICK OF IT.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

So far Bromley have been going very strongly, and their form is certainly excellent, but other clubs are coming on capitally. At one time, when the chief centre of the game was in and around Wimbledon, Molesey, Teddington, and Surbiton, these crack clubs were almost unapproachable, but now there is much more equal form. Surbiton this year, for instance, opened their season with a loss, a club which has rapidly come to the front, Hampstead, beating them by three goals to two, after a very fine game, on the Surbiton ground, while the second teams of the same clubs drew their match with a score of one goal all. Both clubs have capital grounds, Surbiton playing in the place from which they take their name, while Hampstead play on the Richmond Athletic Ground, retaining, however, the name of the district in which the club originated, but where the grounds available for sport are not too good. In the following week Hampstead further distinguished themselves by drawing a game with Wimbledon.

Our photos represent incidents in a match at Richmond. Trying SHOTS AT GOAL is, from inside the magic "circle," a favourite amusement before a game, which one may doubt if the goal-keeper enjoys to the same extent as the rest of the players. A THROW IN corresponds to the "line out" at football, the ball being rolled out from the side line. The rule is that the ball be "rolled out along the ground from where it crossed the line, by one of the opposite side to that of the player who last touched it, in any direction except forward. No other player shall stand within five yards of the side line." C. E. T.



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SHOTS AT GOAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A THROW IN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE KENNEL.

THIS year's show of the Scottish Kennel Club—a body of which Mr. Panmure Gordon is president—held in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, quite eclipsed all previous records. All round the entry was a vast improvement over any previous show, and English visitors for the first time were

most favourably impressed with the excellence of the arrangements, the high-class entry, and the generous treatment accorded them by the executive. Mr. Harry Rawson, of Joppa House, Midlothian, had determined to make Deerhounds a feature of the show, and for months had been quietly working up interest in the

section, the result being that at no show ever held under Kennel Club Rules in any part of the world had so fine a collection of the very handsome variety been seen.

Specials galore were promised, and it was a big triumph for a breed that has been said to be on the down grade to win the sporting team cup. This fell to Mr. H. Rawson, who previously, with CHAMPION SELWOOD MORVEN, had won the Deerhound Challenge Plate, the gold medal of the Scottish Kennel Club, the championship, and several other minor awards. In braces, however, the Forgandenny kennel of Mr. J. H. Bell was successful with a singularly well-balanced pair.

That Selwood Morven, bred by Mr. R. Hood Wright, of Frome, is one of the grandest Deerhounds of the day, is now generally admitted, for, since passing into the possession of Mr. Rawson, he has improved in every respect. He is now some three and a-half years old, and has won over a hundred first prizes and specials, in addition to five championships, and this year retained possession of the Deerhound Challenge Plate in face of the very keenest competition. At Darlington, a month or two ago, he also won one of the De Trafford Jubilee gold medals—a very high honour considering the quality of the dogs opposed to him. This medal, one of a series offered for competition at all the leading shows by that good patron of sport, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, is very much treasured by the fortunate winner. All the principal breeds are being recognised by the donor, wire-haired Fox-terriers being the favoured one at the recent show of the Kennel Club held at the Crystal Palace.

This grand dog is a dark heather brindle in colour, stands 32 7-8 in. at the shoulder, and has a chest girth of 34 1/2 in. In these measurements he thus beats the famous Rossie Ralph, admitted in the early days of the fancy to have been one of the best bodied dogs ever reared. The latter was the property of Mr. Weston Bell, and stood 30 1/2 in. at the shoulder, his chest measurement being half an inch less than Mr. Rawson's champion. As the feature of the finest show yet held in Scotland, the Deerhounds are well worth the extended notice given them.

A variety well catered for at Edinburgh and judged by Mr. William Foster was the Bedlington Terrier, little known outside the mining districts of Northumberland. Efforts are, however, being made to popularise the breed, declared by sportsmen to be one of the pluckiest known. They were first bred, as their name denotes, at Bedlington, a village near Morpeth, and their appearance at South Country shows invariably excites curiosity. Though rough in appearance, the Bedlington is second to none



Photo., H. S. Parsons.

CHAMPION SELWOOD MORVEN.

as a companion, being essentially a "one dog man's dog," and his lathy, weasel-like body makes him best suited for the class of work he is used for. This is hunting on the river banks for otters or rats, whilst trials at the fox or badger have also proved the truth of his character for gameness. GOLD-SEEKER, whom we illustrate, is recognised by the best authorities on the breed to be the most typical dog of the day. He has the required substance in legs and feet, is narrow, but deep and rounded in skull, whilst his top-knot is just of the right texture, being silky, but not too fine. He was bred by his present owners, Messrs. J. and H. Kennedy, of Edinburgh, and is descended from the stock of Squire Trevelyan, one of the most ardent admirers of the breed. His record is an enviable one, for he has won prizes at every prominent exhibition in the kingdom, his last appearance at an English show being at Liverpool, in July, where he won two first prizes, and a medal offered for the best of the variety in the show. In colour he is liver. He weighs 22 lb., and stands 15 in. high—the correct height according to the club standard.

The new quarantine regulations have now been in force several weeks, but not until the show of the German Fox-terrier Club, held at Bochum, Westphalia, in the second week of October, did English exhibitors have its injustice brought home. Previously they had commiserated with Continental breeders on their inability to enter dogs for the shows to be held in this country during the autumn, never dreaming but that the

regulations would be relaxed on application being made to take dogs to the Continent. Mr. J. C. Tinné, hon. secretary of the Fox-terrier Club (England), Mr. Amlott, of the London Fox-terrier Club, and Mr. Mordaunt Lawson, of Papcastle, Cocker-mouth, intended taking teams over to compete for the valuable special prizes offered to English breeders. Mr. T. H. Harrison accepted an invitation to judge, and the show was looked forward to as likely to prove the most representative ever held on the Continent. On application being made for the relaxation of the quarantine regulations, the President of the Board of Agriculture, although assured that the animals were intended for show, refused to sanction their return to England. The show was thus shorn of considerable attraction, no dogs from this country being entered. Judging and working trials lasted three days, there being close on 400 entries.

Although a little loaded in shoulders and a trifle long in back, as show Terriers of to-day go, Sir Raymond Tyrwhitt Wilson's Irish Terrier, Bob, is a very typical specimen of the old stamp. His prick ears prevent him competing with any



GOLD-SEEKER.



Photo. by T. Fall,

BOB.

Baker Street.

chance of success among the uncropped specimens of the game little Terrier so characteristic in every respect of his nationality. Small in eye, wicked and Irish in expression, he is every inch a Hibernian; whilst Bob's good front, straight forelegs, sloping shoulders, and fine hindquarters declare him to be a more than useful specimen of one of the gamest and wickedest Terriers. Restless, playful, disobedient but faithful, and game to a degree bordering on madness—these are among the chief characteristics of Bob's variety. That roving eye, never still, but beaming with affection, denotes the true character of the dog. Within a few yards of where these lines are written lies just such a dog as Bob. He also is an Irishman, "pedigree unknown"; his ownership, too, was a mystery until one day intimation was received that it was useless to pay a licence for a dog and provide him with shelter if he preferred to spend the greater part of his time elsewhere. Clear proof here of the discriminatory power of the dog. He knew by instinct the first time we stopped to admire him—for he is a good Terrier—that we were in his line of business, as Martin Cobbett has it, and he has never left us. Although not a puppy, he speedily acquired the habit of greeting us in the orthodox manner, and now the words, "Well, old chap, how are you?" are a sign for him to hold out his paw. A funny dog, but a true Irishman.

Another dog of the old stamp is the Great Dane, COUNT FRITZ, the property of Mr. R. Leadbetter, of Hazlemere Park, Hughenden. He is the winner of over sixty first and special prizes, including the Great Dane Challenge Cup, valued at 50 guineas, and for three years in succession—1893, 1894, and 1895—headed the open class at the Crystal Palace. Last year, although he was one of the winning team, he was beaten in open dogs by Mrs. H. L. Horsfall's Hannibal of Redgrave, a very handsome young dog, well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Fritz has, however, won more prizes than any other Dane, past or present, and bears his seven years exceedingly well. He is a tall, massive fawn, beautifully put together, with great bone, and the best of legs and feet. His head might be narrower across the skull, but, considering his many other good qualities, this defect is but a minor one. His action, light and springy, is perfect, being very characteristic of the variety, and he is almost as well known in Bucks as is Mr. Leadbetter,



COUNT FRITZ.

whom he accompanies on many a long jaunt. The position of the breed is, it is gratifying to note, as firm as ever it was, the disbandment of the old club on cropping being prohibited having resulted in a new one being formed on more up-to-date lines. The owner of Count Fritz is chairman, and Mr. Hood Wright, of Frome, hon. secretary. BIRKDALE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOX, CAT, AND TERRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The picture of "A Harrier with a Vixen's Cubs," which appeared in your issue of October 9th, portrays a remarkable instance of the friendship which will exist, on occasion, between animals of opposite natures. One has heard of the proverbial "cat and dog life" *ad nauseam*, but I remember a spaniel and a kitten which were brought up together from puppyhood and kittenhood that were the greatest of friends when they arrived at maturity, and who would indulge in a game of romps when they were getting quite on in life. Hounds, too, will seldom take any notice of a fox that is chained up in a kennel, but this is probably on account of a difference which exists in the scent of a semi-domesticated animal and the "Little Red Rover" with whom it is the business of their lives to settle accounts. The most curious instance of a "happy family" which ever came under my personal knowledge was with respect to a tame fox, whose history is as follows: Mrs. David Smallwood, whose husband is well known as an excellent sportsman, and an able huntsman when he carried the horn in the now abandoned Eskdale country, found the fox in question one day when the Cleveland Hounds were hunting at Dale House. Little bigger than a mole, the fox was blind, and had evidently been dropped by her dam when moving her from one earth to another. Mrs. Smallwood picked up the cub, kept it warm, took it home, and on Mr. Smallwood's return he found her feeding it with milk from a spoon. This, of course, would not do. A cat was requisitioned as a wet nurse, and the young fox grew apace and amused everyone with its antics. A terrier, one of the best that ever went up a drain to a fox, curiously constituted himself as the bodyguard of the cat and her nursing, and woebetide any dog that even looked the way they went. Many a game of romps did the three indulge in, galloping after each other round the room and up and down stairs, or rolling over each other on the kitchen floor. Curiously enough, the three were as inseparable friends when the fox got her full growth; and when, as a precaution against strange dogs, she was taken over to the stable on busy days—I should have said that Mr. Smallwood now keeps the Old Abbey Hotel at Whitby—the terrier never left the yard, but was ready to fight any dog that but looked in the direction of his vulpine friend. Unfortunately, the fox died a few months ago, when about two years old.—W. S. D.

HOW TO RIDE TO HOUNDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time ago I recollect a poetical description of how to ride to hounds. It was very short—not more than one or two verses—and I think it began, "Boys, to the hunting-field!" I should be extremely obliged if you would be good enough to tell me where I can obtain a copy of the verses, or perhaps you would kindly quote the passage to which I refer, if you happen to have the song by you.—POETRY.

[Our correspondent no doubt refers to the following lines from Egerton Warburton's "Words Ere We Start":—

"Boys, to the hunting-field! Though 'tis November,
The wind's in the south; but a word ere we start:
However excited, you'll please to remember
That hunting's a science and riding an art.
The fox takes precedence of all from the covert,
The hunter's an animal purposely bred,
After the pick to be ridden, not over;
Foxhounds are not reared to be knocked on the head."—ED.]

A PLAGUE OF LADY-BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I find my house infested with a plague of lady-birds. I suppose they are young lady-birds, for they are of a small size, and very gregarious, clustering together in every corner. I know the lady-bird is charmingly pretty, and the subject of some pleasant nursery rhymes, but we never can forget the genus to which she is unfortunately allied, and the disagreeable habits of some of its members. Can anyone tell me a way of getting rid of them? Of course, it is possible to crunch them one by one, but this is a revolting business. I would far rather make my house disagreeable to them, and so drive them away, if I can succeed in doing so without making it so disagreeable as to drive myself and my family out of it. It may seem a small thing to complain of, but if anyone could see the numbers of the creatures, I think they would say the complaint had some reason.—LADY-BIRD.

Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne

MONDAY: "Have you a new autumn waistcoat?"
 "No; but I have the latest novelty in cravats."
 There is an Ollendorffian spirit about such dialogue which appeals to me, and the fact it reveals also appeals to me, for the newest fashion in neckties is nothing more or less than a man's scarf knotted in the centre, while the ends, which are crossed over and pinned with a jewel, extend to the waist. Such ties have been in vogue in Paris for a month, but they have just reached England, and have not been generally adopted. They have the undoubted merit of combining in one the decorative completion of the collar with the utilitarian virtues of the chest protector, but at the moment they are alarmingly expensive. In Paris they are to be bought for 19fr., here they obtain for 25s. So it is only the prodigal who can supply herself with many such luxuries. I met a pale green cravat of this description this

morning, worn with a dark blue serge coat and skirt crowned with a toque of that green material which, to use sporting parlance, is "a cross" between a loofah and a bird's nest, and a couple of green and grey long curled quills slanting from the front to the side, where a group of shaded green rosettes covered the bandeau. The costume was a great success, and the necktie a joy to the eye of the beholder.

It was worn over a blouse of fine white cashmere elaborately tucked and hem-stitched and showing a lining of pale green silk. The notion of a cashmere blouse is very pleasing in its novelty, but it must needs be elaborated with silken embroidery or pipings or hem-stitchings or lace medallions, so that all suggestion of economy is banished. "Down with the cheap" should be the cry of the woman of taste, discretion, and income. Yet amongst the cheap things that I would not have banished from my best regards is a belt I have just seen from Penberthy's, 392, Oxford Street. This is of green crocodile leather threaded through clasps united by chains of oxydised silver; it has buckles in the front of oxydised silver, and it is to be bought for 8s. 6d. It is a marvel of moderation, and in these days when the belt is indispensable to every costume, it should be welcomed with great cordiality. There are many attractive belts at Penberthy's. Another one of most pleasing detail, which is also of green crocodile leather, is covered with medallions in the shape of marguerites in shaded green enamel, the centres of steel joined with links of gold. It is cheap, too, for its value—it only costs 19s. 6d. Penberthy may also be commended for his wonderful collection of fans. A perfectly delightful specimen is made of Brussels appliqué mounted on sticks of the finest pearl traced with gold and silver. Also admirable is a fan showing a mass of silver paillettes of varied sizes. I have a deep respect for his silk stockings, which are of pure silk with fanciful fronts, and all good people who live in the country, and, for the matter of that, those who live in town too, should see the real reindeer gloves here lined with squirrel, with elastic at the wrist. They are wonderfully easy to pull on and off, and they are particularly pleasing to the touch. Penberthy has a delightfully prompt habit of attending to orders by post, and in my mind's eye I can see that green leather belt with the oxydised buckles speeding to the north, south, east, and west of England. There is nothing like a vivid imagination, assisted by the conviction that this is a wise world of women.

WEDNESDAY: Trixie has a new frock. It is not an unusual event in the life of Trixie, for it happens at least once a week. This is dedicated purely to house wear. Solemnly she has vowed to renounce the tea-gown in favour of the prejudices of a mere brother. I know she will repent her repentance in a week, but, in the meantime, the house-gown is quite excellent. Made of very dark red cashmere, it is trimmed with frills and bands of a brighter red velvet, the collar is tied round the neck with a scarf of lace of superior detail, and the basque is cut in tabs, with a belt of bright red velvet traced with coloured red stones. The same passementerie also outlines the tucked yoke in a Vandyke shape. It is decidedly attractive, that dress; all the shades of red, too, are very becoming to Trixie's complexion. She has also been indulging herself with a new hat, made with a brim of two shades of red velvet, much frilled from a crown of jet sequins. It has a big red plume waving its influence from the back to the front. Eminent authorities tell me that all the hats for the coming season are to be low down in the front and high up at the back. These will not arrive here till the spring is in its full glory, but in Paris they are just showing "a coming-on disposition." The fronts of such hats are decorated with ostrich feathers, set low on the brim, waving to the right and to the left.

But the real question of the hour is neither Trixie's gown nor the hats—it is how to decorate the head in the evening. It is essential that it be decorated, it is difficult to decorate becomingly. The paucity of ideas manifested by the authorities on such a subject is truly appalling, and if we be not rich enough to buy diamond aigrettes, or diamond wings, or diamond tiaras



BLUE CASHMERE DRESS TRIMMED WITH SHOT BLUE AND GREEN SILK.

then may our heads go all unadorned, or at least would do so had not the Parisian Diamond Company established itself for the special benefit of the impecunious who are tasteful the while. I saw a perfectly beautiful ornament which came from 143, Regent Street yesterday. Single diamonds set on glittering golden wires glistened in the front of a black bush-like osprey. No one could have doubted the sincerity of those diamonds. Another good design, also from the Parisian Diamond Company, is in aigrette



VELVET HAT WITH SEQUIN CROWN.

form, with the little diamond drops set loosely so that they glitter with a hundred colours. There is a new diamond comb for the back of the head here, too, and no French woman is complete without such. They all wear over in Paris diamond brooches and slides, to induce the short hairs of wayward tendency to conduct themselves in the upward path they should tread to tidiness.

To-night I am going to see the new play at the St. James's Theatre. The gowns thereof will I chronicle next week. I am more occupied at the moment in thinking of my own, which is new. It is made of black net, with jet spangles and little frills of net on the hems. It is sweet and youthful to look at, so Nellie suggests that perhaps it is not entirely congruous. It is a great mistake to let your friends become too intimate with you—in that way lies impertinence. However, she is taking me to the theatre to-night, so much shall be forgiven her. She has a new Louis Seize bow to wear in her hair; this is made in velvet outlined with diamonds, and it came from Paris. I yearn to see it, and shall, if worthy, copy it without compunction.

IN THE GARDEN.

CYRTODEIRA METALLICA.

THE *Cyrtodeiras*, of which the kind illustrated is a charming representation, are not plants for every garden. They belong to the tropics, and require, therefore, abundance of warmth and moisture. The leaves, as will be seen in the illustration, are veined with colour on a velvety ground, and it is for their leaf colouring alone that they are entitled to consideration. A soil made up of peat, loam, leaf-mould, and sand, with ample drainage, suits them, and well-grown specimens, such as that shown, so dense, spreading, and healthy, are, to those who care for fine-leaved plants, of much interest. Where the *Cyrtodeiras* are valued, there, too, should be found the dainty *Sonerilas*, with leaves silvered over with colour. We hope that this class of stove plant will become more popular. A few years ago they were sought after, but one hears less of them now.

THE MONTH FOR ROSE PLANTING.

November is the month to commence Rose planting, which may continue until spring. There is no better time, however, than the autumn and early winter for the work, as the plants are dormant. Prepare the ground for their reception by trenching it, and put a good layer of manure in the bottom, not, however, in actual contact with the roots. In planting give ample space for the roots. Never cramp the delicate fibres, and, if possible, give each plant a peck of the following mixture: Loam, leaf-mould, and wood-ashes. Shake the soil well in amongst the roots, then fill up with loam, and tread firmly. A dry day is best for Rose planting, avoiding always sticky ground. Far better wait until it has dried somewhat than make such a bad beginning as to plant in sticky soil.

TREATMENT OF CLIMBING ROSES.

The writer is aware that many Rose lovers are concerned about their climbers. The long sturdy shoots of this season's growth trouble them, and not a few prune away these splendid rods. They regard them as superfluous, wasting the energies of the plant. This is a fatal and unfortunately common mistake. When these rods are pruned away, so, too, go next year's flowers. It is upon the present season's growths that flowers are borne the following summer. The best time to prune climbers is about February, and then only cut away worn-out growths, to give room for the young rods.

THE TULIPS.

November is also the month for Tulip planting. The name recalls many splendid pictures of colour in the garden. No bulbous flower is more brilliant, and a well-chosen selection will create gay effects from quite early spring until summer is at hand. The Tulip will succeed in any good soil, and the bulbs should be planted, of the larger kinds, about 4 in. deep. The strongest effects are, of course, obtained by planting largely of one kind, filling a bed with a single variety of fine colour. The writer wishes the full splendour of the Tulip were more developed in gardens. Those who visit the Royal Gardens at Kew in early May will know what is meant by massing the bulbs. The place seems a blaze of colour, not a garish mixture of unpleasant tones that bedding out gives, but rich, handsome, and pleasant masses of crimson, white, yellow, and shades of these self hues.

EARLY TULIPS.

These are very reasonable in price, and comprise varieties of many shades. Plant the bulbs from 4 in. to 5 in. apart, and choose first the showy Duc Van Thol section, in which the colours are rich and decided; the scarlet, yellow, and white make an effective trio. Other handsome early Tulips are *Bride of Haarlem*, white feathering on a scarlet ground; *Canary Bird* and *Chrysolora*, pure self yellows; *Cottage Maid*, pink; *Keizerskroon*, scarlet, with bright yellow edges to the segments; the *Pottebakkers*, yellow, scarlet, and white; *Proserpine*, rose carmine; and *Vermilion Brilliant*, a well-known and appropriately named early variety. Of the double Tulips, the scarlet *Rex Rubrorum* and pure white *La Canleur* are very handsome, and associate well.

THE MAY OR LATE TULIPS.

It is this glorious group we wish to bring before readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*. The earlier kinds are familiar; not so, however, the stately species of which *Tulipa Gesneriana* is the most famous. This is a noble flower in every way. The great crimson goblet-shaped flowers are held on tall strong stems, and open out wide to the May sun to show a bluish-black centre. We know nothing so brilliant—"fiery," we may express it—as a bed of *Gesners' Tulip* in the full sun. They close towards evening, and exhale a sweet fragrance. Of this Tulip there are several forms: *Fulgens*, with its narrowing, pointed segments; *Macropila*, carmine, very fragrant; *Elegans*, and *Golden Eagle*, the large golden yellow flowers of which are sometimes edged with crimson. *Retroflexa*, yellow; *Picotee*, a charming variety, white, with soft rose margin; *Golden Beauty*, very deep yellow, and the so-called *Darwin Tulips* are magnificent. The latter are very late and robust. Purchase varieties of clear colours, as amongst this section some of the kinds are "muddy-looking." A thought should be given also to the quaint *Parrot*, and florists' Tulips, represented by the striped forms known as *hyblacens* and *Roses*.



Photo.,

A VARIEGATED STOVE PLANT.

C. Metcalfe.

THE PARROT TULIPS

are strangely shaped, but from our experience the bulbs are uncertain. One can never rely upon them as with the *Gesners' Tulip*. But quaint colouring and curiously gashed petals sprawling about in a singular way possess a certain charm. As the flowers are almost too heavy for the stems to support, put the bulbs rather closer together than for the ordinary Tulips, and on a groundwork of some creeping plant. This will prevent soil from splashing up and spoiling the flowers.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SEASON.

November is the month for the Chrysanthemum, and at the present time exhibitions are being held throughout the British Isles. We wish the shows were more artistic and less formal; but whilst the energies of the grower seem directed to obtaining flowers merely conspicuous for their size, one can scarcely hope for beautiful displays. A slight change, however, for the better is perceptible, and there is no reason why a revolution should not take place in the methods of arranging the flowers, without even sacrificing that precious virtue in the eyes of the professional grower—bulky, fat blooms.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We will gladly answer any questions sent to us relating to the garden.